SAW II

by

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&

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DOUBLE BLUE 5/02/05
BUFF 4/30/05
GOLDENROD 4/26/05
GREEN 4/19/05
YELLOW 4/13/05
PINK 4/04/05
BLUE 4/01/05
WHITE 3/24/05

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FADE IN ON:

INT. DARK CHAMBER - NIGHT 000052 1

The light.

It pulsates in front of us...a ball of yellow haze on a blanket of black.

We approach it, the sphere getting bigger...like someone dying...approaching the light.

CLOSER NOW -- we realize that it is a naked bulb on the end of a chain.

All is quiet...until a GROAN interrupts the soundless void. We hear a body stir. More groans.

A FACE begins to creep into the area lit by the bulb. First, an unruly shock of wet hair, then a pair of strained, bloodshot eyes. There is a three inch cut below the right eye, as if someone had sliced it with a knife and then tended the wound. The eye is swollen shut.

The rest of the face appears. It is a man in his early 30s; gaunt, bewildered, unhealthy. Something is around his neck, but we cannot see it yet.

He scans left and right, gaining some sense of where he is.

A SMALL DARK CHAMBER.

He sits on the stone floor, the light bulb dangling overhead. He has been stripped down to nothing but a pair of boxer shorts.

And then there is the monstrosity around his neck.

A heavy IRON COLLAR has been locked into place around his throat, a PADLOCK hanging off it.

Jutting out horizontally in front of him is a MASK OF IRON, contoured to fit his face. It lays flat, the eye-holes in the mask looking down at the floor.

The inside of the mask is lined with two-inch iron spikes, dozens of them, all pointing upwards at the ceiling.

The man gropes around the collar that holds the mask in place, realizing that the opposite half of the mask lays flat at the back of his head - once again lined with spikes.

It is some sort of customized iron maiden, built to encompass a human head.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 1

It has been stretched open, like a mechanized Venus fly-trap, waiting to snap shut on an unsuspecting insect.

Unfortunately, that insect seems to be his head.

000052

MAN
What the fuck...?

The man struggles to his feet, wrenching at the DEATH MASK. It isn't going anywhere.

A strange mechanical arm projects upwards from the collar, a small MIRROR attached to the end of it. He pulls at it.

What he DOESN'T SEE is the WIRE running from the back of the contraption to the wall, stretching to its full length.

He rubs at his RIGHT EYE, wincing as he touches it.

MAN (CONT'D)
Help! Can anyone hear me?!

No answer.

Then --

-- ZZCCCCCHHHH!!!

White noise drowns the chamber, as a TV SCREEN pops to life in front of him, displaying static. The static on the screen disappears and is replaced by A FACE.

The stark-white, wooden face of a doll. Its dead eyes stare out from the TV, SEEING HIM through the screen somehow.

The silence that follows highlights the man's stupefied terror...

...until finally the doll speaks.

DOLL
(from screen)
Hello Michael.
(beat)
I want to play a game.

The man we now know as Michael staggers towards the television set, his hands gripping the death-mask.

DOLL (CONT'D)
(from screen)
I am sure right now that you are confused, cursing, crying - like a newborn freed from the womb.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2) 1

DOLL (CONT'D)
This is significant...
(beat)
...because tonight is your rebirth.

000052

Michael scans around the room - as if checking for anyone else - then whips his head back to the screen, disbelieving.

DOLL (CONT'D)
(from screen)
So far, in what could loosely be called your life, you have made a living watching others. Society would call you an informant. A rat. A snitch. I call you unworthy...of the body you possess...of the life you have been given.
(beat)
Now, we will see if you are willing to look inward rather than outward...to give up the one thing you rely on in order to go on living.

The face of the doll grows larger on the monitor as whoever is operating the camera moves in on it.

DOLL (CONT'D)
(from screen)
The device around your neck is a death mask. The mask is on a spring-timer. If you do not locate the key in time, the mask will close.
(beat)
Think of it like a...Venus fly-trap.

The image moves to the right of the doll, displaying a naked body laid out on some sort of make-shift operating table.

With utter horror, Michael realizes that the unconscious body on the screen is HIM.

The shadow of the camera man falls over his body, and then the image rights itself as the camera is placed on a steady surface or a tripod, locking off the shot.

A dark figure moves into frame, standing over Michael's body.

DOLL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(from screen)
What you are looking at right now is your own body. Not more than two hours ago. Don't worry, you're sound asleep and can't feel a thing.

The DARK FIGURE on the screen takes out a scalpel and a pair of tweezers.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (3) 1

DOLL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(from screen)
Taking into account that you are at a great disadvantage here, I'm going to give you a hint as to where I have hidden the key, so listen carefully.

000052

Though it is difficult with the grainy image to make out, we know that the DARK FIGURE is CUTTING AN INCISION into the tissue below the eye.

DOLL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(from screen)
The hint is this - it's right in front of your eye.

The DARK FIGURE uses a swab to stop the bleeding.

Michael watches all this, his hand going to his eye. *

The DARK FIGURE then steps closer to the camera, holding up a SMALL key, then returns to Michael's body...

...forcing the key INTO THE INCISION below the orb.

The key is behind his eye.

The video image swivels around to face the doll once again. *

DOLL (CONT'D)
(from screen)
How much blood will you shed to stay * alive, Michael? *
(beat)
Live or die...make your choice.

The screen CUTS to static once again.

Michael stands in front of it, hyperventilating.

He staggers forward -

- and that's when it happens.

The wire running out of the back of the death-mask DISCONNECTS.

Tick...tick...tick.

A timer on the side of the collar begins to rotate in a slow circle like an oven timer.

Michael staggers around the room, fear coursing through him.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (4) 1

000052

MICHAEL
Help me...please God, somebody help me!

He crashes into the wall of the chamber, careening around the room, his head hitting the light-bulb and sending it swinging wildly.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
SOMEONE! PLEASE!

As the light swings, he catches a glimpse of something scotch taped to the wall.

He moves towards it, ripping it off the wall.

It is an X-RAY.

The X-ray is a side-on view of a human skull. A label below it reads 'A GUIDE FOR YOU, MICHAEL'.

Michael holds the X-ray up - seeing the crystal clear image of A KEY, sitting in the cone of tissue behind his eyeball.

His foot kicks something on the floor and he looks down.

With clear and precise horror, he sees it is a steel surgical tray. Inside the tray is a scalpel, a pair of tweezers, a roll of bandages...

...and an eye-patch.

His hand trembling as if he were in sub-zero temperatures, he drops the X-ray and reaches down, plucking up the scalpel. He holds it up, it's shadow thrown against the wall in sporadic beats as the light-bulb swings back and forth behind him.

He begins to sob like a baby.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
What...is...this?

The timer ticks on, relentless. Ferocious in its disregard for his plight.

Ten...

Michael raises the scalpel to just below his right eye.

Nine...

The blade hovers in front of the soft eye tissue.

Eight...

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (5) 1

He positions the mirror on the end of the arm to give him a good view of his own eye, then presses the blade firmly against the skin.

000052

Seven...

He pulls the blade away. Can't do it. His sobs grow into wild, primal cries, tears spilling down his face.

Six...

He shakes it off, takes a deep breath, then pries open his eye with his fingers.

Five...

He sits the X-ray against the wall as a guide, then prepares the scalpel for the strike.

Four...

He presses it hard against the INCISION below his eyelid, drawing a tiny trickle of blood.

Three...

He works it in below his eyeball - flinching at the pain and HURLING the scalpel across the room.

Two...

MICHAEL (CONT'D) *
I can't! *

He stands up and runs over to the television, BOOTING IT with full force, shattering the screen in a shower of sparks and glass shards. *

One.

There is a moment of silence. A vacuum in which no sound exists.

Then BOOM.

The two halves of the contraption SNAP SHUT - as promised, it looks just like a Venus fly-trap - forming a complete iron mask around Michael's head.

His whole body JOLTS as it shuts. His arms lower slowly, his shoulders relaxing.

A single tear of blood falls from one of the masks eye-holes.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (6) 1

CLOSE ON HIS EYE - we see his pupil dilate.

And then he drops...the heavy iron mask clanging as it hits the floor.

000052

FADE TO BLACK.

2 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE HALLWAY - DAY 2

A figure shuffles down a nondescript hallway, dragging on a cigarette and exhaling a cloud of smoke. *

This is **ERIC MATTHEWS** (30s). He qualifies as handsome, but you can tell he would have been super-handsome 10 years ago. Now, the three-day stubble and dark circles under his eyes tell us he has not been too kind to himself lately.

The walkie-talkie attached to his belt SQUAWKS.

000052

RADIO (V.O.)
211 in progress at the corner of Stygian and 12th..all units in the area...

Eric cuts the voice short, switching the radio off. Eric reaches a door at the end of the hall, stepping into--

3 INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY 3

--a small security office. A bored SECURITY OFFICER looks up from his crossword puzzle.

SECURITY OFFICER
Help you?

Eric reaches into his pocket and pulls out his DETECTIVE BADGE, flashing it at the Security Guard.

ERIC 000052
I'm here for Daniel Matthews.

The Security Guard reaches into a drawer, pulls out several FORMS and pushes them across the desk.

SECURITY OFFICER
Sign these.

Eric scrawls his signature.

SECURITY OFFICER (CONT'D) *
There's no smoking in here. *

ERIC *
You got an ashtray? *

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

000052

SECURITY OFFICER *
No. We don't need one. *

Eric shrugs. Exhales a cloud of smoke. *

4 INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAY 4

A young man sits at a large table in an empty room. He stares up at a security camera. This is **DANIEL MATTHEWS** (17).

000052

000052

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 4

Footsteps approach the room. The door opens. Daniel doesn't turn.

The Security Officer nods towards Daniel, then disappears. Eric steps into the room.

ERIC 000052
Let's go.

Eric lifts him out of the seat by the arm, guiding him out of the room.

5 EXT. LAKESHORE - DAY 5

Eric and Daniel walk without speaking down the lake front. All around people are fishing, roller-blading, strolling hand-in-hand. Finally--

DANIEL 000052
Took you long enough.

ERIC
Sorry. I didn't have it penciled in on my schedule.
(beat)
They want to press charges.

DANIEL
They're assholes.

ERIC
Of course they are. You stole from them.

Daniel rolls his eyes. 000052

ERIC (CONT'D)
...works out good for me. Your mother gets custody, and I get to take you into custody. *

They walk in silence, looking out across the lake. Finally:

5 CONTINUED: 5

000052

ERIC (CONT'D)
Daniel, this is getting old. You think a shop-lifting record makes you hard?

DANIEL
Jesus, spare me the after-school special. Why are you such a cop 24-7?

ERIC
It's called being a father.

DANIEL
Trust me, you're better at being a cop.

That one hurt Eric. We see it for an instant.

A long beat of silence.

000052

ERIC
Somebody called the house yesterday, about a job for you. They liked your application.
(beat)
I told you they'd call.

DANIEL
Yeah.

ERIC
I think it'd be really good if you took it

DANIEL
Yeah.

000052

ERIC
What's wrong?

DANIEL
Nothing.

ERIC
You don't want a job anymore?

DANIEL
Yes.

ERIC
Well, then...what's wrong?

Daniel sighs.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2) 5

DANIEL *
(mumbling)
I just think maybe I should go back to *
mom's early. *

ERIC 000052
Stop talking into your chest.

DANIEL
I'm not talking into my chest. How can you not hear me?

ERIC
(annoyed) *
Speak properly. 000052

DANIEL
(deliberately loud) *
I-think-I-should-go-back-to-Mom's! *

Eric snaps. *

000052

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (3) 5

ERIC *
Alright, go back to your fucking mothers. *

They reach Eric's car. Daniel opens the passenger side and enters. Eric rubs his head, deflated. Stands there for a long beat before getting behind the wheel.

6 INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING 000052 6

A digital clock reads 7:07 AM. *

Eric sleeps. His bedroom is completely bare. A bed and a clock. That's it. *

The phone rings.

He wakes slowly, as if waking from a coma, and plucks the phone off the cradle. * *

ERIC
Hello? 000052 *
(beat) *
Danny? *

A voice mumbles something on the other end.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Oh, sorry, I thought you were... *
(beat) *
What is it, sergeant? *

SMASH CUT TO:

7 INT. SEWER - DAY 000052 7

LATER

Flashlight beams cut through thick murk.

A troupe of police officers march determinedly through the narrow tunnels of a subterranean sluice system. Eric is being led along by a younger, female detective, **KERRY** (early 30's) - a strong, smart woman in a man's police force.

They pass uniformed officers as they walk, who all nod to Eric.

7 CONTINUED: 7

Kerry is halfway through explaining the situation in a rapid-fire, on-the-move manner.

KERRY
...county asbestos cleaners are working to a deadline. One of them finds the body, calls it in. Says the whole section's been abandoned for two years. They've spotted people down here, though.

000052

ERIC
Who?

KERRY
Homeless, mostly. A bunch of kids held a rave in the boiler room two months back.

They ascend a set of stairs, moving past work-lights.

Generators begin to drown out their talk.

ERIC
What's the estimate on the time of death?

KERRY
Can't say yet, forensic's just got here. It was the arriving officer who called it in as your buddy.

Eric will make clear it's not his buddy

ERIC
He ID'd him just by looking at him?

KERRY
No, his wallet was in there.

They reach an area where cops are milling about in front of a large door.

ERIC
Well, let me take a look at his face. I'll tell you if it's him in two seconds.

KERRY
Actually, you won't be able to do that.

ERIC
Why not?

KERRY
We can't see his face yet.

Eric looks up.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2) 7

000052

A uniformed officer hands him a flashlight and a pair of forensic gloves.

8 INT. DARK CHAMBER - DAY 8

MOMENTS LATER

We are back where we began.

Eric steps inside, pulling on the forensic gloves and sweeping his flashlight across the room...

...past the television, lying on the floor. the screen shattered...

...past the scalpel...

...and landing on a BODY.

He approaches it, seeing Michael, limbs askew, his head still encased in the iron mask. A pool of coagulated blood spreads out around the contraption.

The beam of Eric's flashlight traces the contours of Michael's body, finding a tattoo on his wrist - JAILBIRD, in big black letters.

ERIC
Yeah, that's Mike.

He continues examining the corpse, the flashlight stopping on a JIGSAW PIECE, cut from the flesh on Michael's back.

He turns around. Kerry is there, holding up a plastic evidence bag with a videotape inside it.

A long look passes between them.

ERIC (CONT'D)
When were you going to tell me about this?

KERRY
I thought I'd let you see it for yourself.

ERIC
Well, you're the expert, Kerry, not me. Is ~~it him~~?

KERRY
It's early...but so far everything matches Jigsaw's pattern.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 8

A flash goes off, lighting up the room.

KERRY (CONT'D)
The tabloid darlings always have a lot of fans, though. Maybe it's a copycat.

000052

Eric circles the body.

ERIC
Maybe.
(beat)
Whoever it was left you a very medieval little crime scene.

KERRY
Let's pretend for a second that this is completely new to us. Can you think of anyone who would want to do this to your guy?

ERIC
He's an informant, Kerry. You ask me for a list of suspects, I'll hand you the god damn phone book.

000052

KERRY
(annoyed)
Crack-pipe county punks don't have engineering degrees. I'd say our cause of death narrows that list down, wouldn't you?

ERIC
Yeah, I would. Very good. *

Kerry shakes her head.

KERRY
Gee, thanks. *

000052

Kerry's eyes scan the room for other clues. They come to rest on the shattered mirror lying on the floor. She FREEZES.

Eric squats down and begins picking at the corpse. The iron mask has the word WILSON branded into it, in tiny letters.

KERRY (CONT'D)
Look closer, detective.

ERIC
At what?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2) 8

KERRY
Ask whoever wrote it.

Kerry's gaze drifts upward. Eric looks up at her, then follows her eyes to the ceiling. 000052

ERIC
Jesus...

Hand-scrawled on the ceiling, in large red letters, are the words LOOK CLOSER, DETECTIVE MATTHEWS. *

CUT TO:

9 INT. VIDEO VIEWING ROOM POLICE STATION - DAY 9

A monitor comes to life in a darkened viewing room. Kerry slots the video tape in, hitting play. The white face of the doll appears. *

DOLL (V.O.)
(from screen) 000052
Hello Michael.
(beat)
I want to play a game.

Eric enters, standing behind Kerry. *

ERIC *
You've got a lot in common with this guy, *
Kerry. He loves playing games and so do *
you. *

Kerry spins around. Eric tosses a dusty file onto the table in front of her. It is labelled JIGSAW. * *

KERRY 000052 *
Excuse me? *

ERIC *
Don't treat me like an asshole at a crime *
scene ever again. *

He goes to walk away. *

KERRY *
I'm not the one who's taunting you - he *
is. *

Eric shakes his head. Looks tired. *

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 9

ERIC
Doesn't mean I have to take the bait. I got a big enough case load.

000052

KERRY
Yeah. Desk errands and shit-work.

000052

000052

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2) 9

ERIC
Well, between the divorce lawyers, my son's budding criminal career and IA still talking to me about things that happened years ago, I have enough to keep me busy, okay?

000052

Kerry sighs. Guilty.

KERRY
I'm sorry...I know you're going through a lot.
(beat)
I'm only asking for your help. I mean, doesn't it pique your interest that he wrote your name on the wall? That he asked for you?

000052

Eric shrugs.

ERIC
Not the first time some psycho's called me out.

KERRY
What about the fact that he killed Mike?

ERIC
I'm not exactly heartbroken - he wasn't even a very good informant.

000052

KERRY
Okay, what about the fact that it's me asking?

That stops Eric. He breaks eye contact, ashamed.

Kerry snatches up the file and ejects the tape, standing up and storming towards the door.

KERRY (CONT'D)
Who are you? You look like Eric Matthews but you sure as shit don't act like him.

She leaves.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (3) 9

000052

CUT TO:

10 INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT 10

Eric is wide awake, staring at the ceiling. The clock reads 3:24 AM.

FLASHCUT TO:

11 INT. DARK CHAMBER - DAY 11

FLASHBACK

Eric examines Micheal's corpse. He sees the word WILSON stenciled into the iron mask.

KERRY (V.O.)
Look closer, detective.

000052

CUT TO:

12 INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT 12

PRESENT

Eric bolts up in bed - as if shocked with ten thousand volts.

SMASH CUT TO:

13 INT. POLICE GARAGE - DAY 13

Guns are loaded, flak-jackets strapped on, bullets snapped into clips, watches synchronized.

000052

Someone is going down.

The garage is crowded with a SWAT TEAM consisting of six members. They're the ones doing all the snapping, strapping and synchronizing. Kerry stands next to Eric off to the side.

The SWAT LEADER, a stern man named **RIGG** (early 40s), briefs his team. He points to a map as he talks.

RIGG
These entry points are the best. They're the ones with direct street frontage, vehicle access and good shelter. We're doing this in daylight, and we don't want to surprise any civilians. I've been there before, I know the location. Just bust in and surprise the shit out of anyone who happens to be inside. Okay?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

A SWAT guy pumps his shotgun.

000052

SWAT MEMBER 1
That we can do.

RIGG
Alright, we're gonna go in teams of three. I'll be going in with Team A.
(beat)
Let's do this.

Rigg looks to Eric. Lets his stern look fade into a smile. *

RIGG (CONT'D) *
Just like the old days, huh Eric? *

ERIC *
Yeah sure, Rigg. *

Rigg passes, slapping Eric on the back. *

Kerry smiles. 000052 *

KERRY *
I thought your case-load was big enough as it is. *

He holds up his hands. *

ERIC *
Just tagging along for the fresh air. *

14 EXT. STREET - DAY 14

LATE AFTERNOON 000052

A bare and empty road.

The business district looms in the distance, the smog of daily life choking it.

SUDDENLY --

A large, black SWAT TRUCK storms down the street, headed towards the skyline.

15 EXT. JIGSAW'S LAIR - DAY 15

The SWAT TRUCK screeches to a halt outside a LARGE INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE. Kerry pulls up behind the SWAT van and jumps out of her car.

WILSON STEEL is written on the doors.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

000052

SWAT members pour out, guns at the ready, forming two groups of three.

Rigg moves to the front of the line and motions to the team that it's "showtime".

Kerry and Eric stand back, holding what look like pea-shooters compared to the SWAT artillery.

The battering ram guys move in - SMASHING the door off it's hinges.

000052

000052

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

RIGG
Let's go!

000052

16 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR ENTRANCE - DAY 16

TEAM A STORMS in through the large entry way.

The men immediately take in their surroundings.

Darkness is draped across a large, abandoned, industrial warehouse. The whole place is eerily silent. If anyone *is* in here, they're being very quiet.

FLASHLIGHT BEAMS slice through the blackness as the SWAT members spread out, securing the perimeter.

Old and rusted drilling machines lie scattered around the warehouse - artefacts of a bygone manual-labor era.

To one side is a steel staircase, leading up to a second level.

Rigg waves the three members of his team toward the staircase.

SWAT MEMBER 1 inches forward. The first three steps are surrounded by an enclosed chain-link cage with a padlock on it.

SWAT MEMBER 2 steps up to the lock, producing a pair of bolt-cutters. He closes them around the lock, snapping it like spaghetti. SWAT MEMBER 1 kicks open the cage door, edging into it.

He moves up onto the first step, then stalks cautiously up the next few.

Suddenly, a LIGHT SNAPS ON at the top of the stairs. The men stop, aiming their guns. A SQUEAKY sound emanates from the same area, moving closer.

SWAT MEMBER 1
Freeze!

And then it appears, entering the pool of light atop the stairs --

--the WHITE FACED DOLL riding his tricycle.

The SWAT guys stare at it, quizzical. Creeped out. All is quiet...then:

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

The eyes of the doll SNAP towards them, a voice-box inside it omitting a maniacal, mechanical cackle.

DOLL
HA HA HA HA HA HA!

000052

The SWAT TEAM jump out of their skin.

SWAT MEMBER 1 cautiously takes another step up.

What he DOESN'T SEE is the box-shaped mechanism wired to the underside of one of the steps, a few feet in front of him.

All is quiet...

...until his foot LANDS on it.

The step DROPS a full foot downwards with his weight - lining his knee up with the step above it. That step then SHOOTS FORWARD -- SMASHING into his knees with BONE-CRUSHING FORCE.

CRACK!!

000052

His knees SNAP backwards.

His shrill SCREAM echoes throughout the warehouse.

RIGG
(into his walkie)
Officers down!

The door to the chain-link cage SLAMS shut.

SWAT MEMBERS 2 AND 3

-grab Swat Member 1's body and try to pull him out. As they grab the steel cage for support --

000052

ZZZZZTTT!

Their bodies begins to convulse - the fence is electrified!

SMASH CUT TO:

17 OMITTED SCENE 17 17

18 EXT. JIGSAW'S LAIR - DAY 18

Kerry hears the SCREAMS over her walkie. She turns to TEAM B. *

*

KERRY
(to TEAM B)
MOVE IN! MOVE IN!

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

TEAM B files in. Eric and Kerry check their guns and follow.

19 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR - DAY 19

Team B sweeps the lower level. Eric and Kerry cautiously approach the stairs. Kerry looks down, notices she is standing in a pool of blood. She scans the room. Eric follows her gaze. We see two bodies lying motionless on the floor. *

RIGG (O.S.
(upstairs)
FREEZE! DON'T MOVE! *

Following Rigg's voice, Eric and Kerry move past the dead cops and up the steel-staircase.

20 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR UPPER LEVEL - DAY 20

Eric inches his way up the stairs, which lead to a smaller LOFT area.

21 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR KITCHEN - DAY 21

Rigg has his gun trained on something...or someone. That "someone" sits in a SMALL KITCHEN, oddly out of place, separated from the rest of the loft. *

Eric and Kerry approach (SWAT TEAM B behind them coming up the stairs), revealing a cloaked figure, silhouetted against the wall, his gloved hands already raised.

The figure is hunched over, a black hood obscuring his face. He sits at a small, bare table.

Waiting.

RIGG
PUT YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEAD! *

The figure calmly moves his raised hands behind his head. *

Their flashlights bring light to the silhouette.

It is **JIGSAW.**

From beneath the hood, a pair of haunted eyes stare up at the detectives, framed by a gaunt face.

His frail body is wheelchair bound. Medical machines surround him -- IV's, heart-machines, the works.

21 CONTINUED: 21

RIGG (CONT'D)
DOWN ON YOUR KNEES!

Jigsaw speaks, his voice barely a whisper.

JIGSAW
I'm afraid I cannot do that.

Kerry's eyes whip over to all the machines connected to Jigsaw's body. *

She speaks into her radio. 000052 *

KERRY *
I need to get a medical transport immediately to 11413 Neeman Road.

She eyes the tiny kitchen area - something is not right. *

RIGG *
(to SWAT MEMBERS)
Get him in restraints, now. 000052 *

They step in, cuffing Jigsaw roughly.

Jigsaw coughs - a deep hack that indicates his health status.

RIGG (CONT'D)
You have the right to remain silent. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford one, one will be appointed to you by the city.

Rigg circles around Jigsaw, gun aimed at the back of his head.

SWAT MEMBER 2 pats him down.

SWAT MEMBER 2 000052
He's clean.

Kerry scans the walls of the warehouse - they are plastered with diagrams on how to build the Death-mask, the Jaw-trap and various other nasty contraptions that Jigsaw has built.

A work-table is covered with scattered tools. In another corner is a MAKE-SHIFT OPERATING TABLE. A camera is set up in front of it on a tripod.

Kerry examines a SERIES OF BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOS. They are shots of Jigsaw's victims. She picks one up - a shot of a LARGE MAN inside a razor-wire cage. She looks back at Eric, who stands at the back of the room.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2) 21

Eric approaches Jigsaw. 000052 *

ERIC *
I'm detective Mathews. Did I look close *
enough? *

Eric turns to Rigg. *

ERIC (CONT'D) *
Get him out of here. *

JIGSAW
Actually, I need to remain here while you deal with your problem, detective.

Eric looks up and sees that Jigsaw is staring directly at him. *

000052

ERIC
(to Jigsaw)
My problem?

Jigsaw nods and motions his head towards a door at the opposite end of the workshop.

JIGSAW
Your problem in that room.

Everyone stares at Eric, waiting for him to react.

They both ready their weapons, heading for the door.

Rigg whips a look back at the other SWAT members.

RIGG
Keep him secure.

000052

22 INT - JIGSAW'S LAIR LOFT AREA - DAY 22

Eric and Rigg cross the loft, advancing towards the room on the opposite side, finally reaching it and taking up position on either side.

Rigg goes first, whipping inside and aiming his gun.

23 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR MONITOR ROOM - DAY 23

The room is empty.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

They let out a sigh of relief, before noticing a red satin sheet that covers up the far wall.

Eric sizes up the red satin sheet. He grabs a hold of it. Rigg aims his gun, covering Eric.

Eric tears the sheet away 000052

-- revealing a BANK OF MONITORS. They flicker and strobe, each one displaying a locked-off view of a room in black-and-white, like security cameras.

Sitting on top of the monitors is a large, digital CLOCK - counting down. One hour, fifty six minutes and thirteen seconds to go...twelve seconds...eleven...ten...

Each of the rooms on display is empty...all except for one.

Eric steps closer to the monitors, squinting at the middle one.

On it, a group of figures wander in silence around a small room. 000052

The monitors crackle. Eric gets closer again.

One of the figures jumps up, seemingly aware of the camera.

The figure moves out of frame, then returns with something that enables him to get closer to the lens, mouthing the word `HELP'.

A sliver of electricity is released from somewhere inside Eric, shooting up his spinal cord and registering in his EYES.

The figure on the monitor is Daniel. 000052

His son.

24 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR KITCHEN - DAY 24

Eric CHARGES toward Jigsaw, FIRE in his eyes. *

ERIC
What the fuck is that?

JIGSAW
It's your son...Daniel. You remember him, don't you?

ERIC
What's he doing on that fuckin' monitor? *

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 24

JIGSAW
Well...not having looked at them for a while, it's hard to say; but I imagine he's cowering fearfully in a corner with a look on his face that says 'where the hell am I?' Correct?

ERIC
Where's my son?!

000052

JIGSAW
Ah, the problem. Where is he? That's a problem you're going to have to solve before it's too late. And I want to be here for it.
(beat)
Keep me here and we can talk. Try and move me out of here and I'll take his location to my grave, which - as you can see - is being dug as we speak.

Jigsaw has just gained the upper hand over the entire room in one fell swoop.

ERIC
Tell me where he is!

Jigsaw's gaze drifts across the room to the monitors

000052

JIGSAW
In a safe place.

Eric's glare could bore holes through steel. Jigsaw remains impassive. Frustration mounting, Eric turns and crosses to --

25 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR MONITOR ROOM- DAY 25

Eric scans the monitors looking for a clue, a sign, anything.

We SLOWLY CLOSE in on the center monitor, the figures on it pacing back and forth.

We are so close now that the monitor fills the frame, dissolving into --

MATCH CUT TO:

000052

26 INT. WAKE-UP ROOM - NIGHT 26

-- a SAFE.

One of those huge, old fashioned, free-standing types; rust bleeding down from its hinges.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 26

It sits in the middle of a small room. The walls are caked in mold, the hanging globe overhead reflecting off it and casting a sickly green pallor around the room. It resembles an empty bank vault...a claustrophobic's worst nightmare. *

At this moment in time, EIGHT people are living out that nightmare.

000052

Seven of them are awake and moving about. The eighth lies unconscious - a woman.

A black man, **JONAS** (30's), tries to stir the unconscious woman awake. A picture of calm authority.

JONAS
Hey! Can you hear me? Come on, wake up.
(beat; he checks her breathing)
She's still breathing.

As we saw on the monitor, one of the captives is Daniel.

He stares up at a camera which has been fixed onto the high ceiling.

Another of the captives, a tough but good-looking woman named **ADDISON** (20's), finally speaks.

000052

ADDISON
What is this, house arrest? Are we in jail?

JONAS
Nah, man, this ain't jail.

ADDISON
Oh yeah, done a lot of time, high roller? *

JONAS
Yeah....too much.

Addison pounds the door.

000052

ADDISON
Open up, cocksuckers! *

A taut, sinewy, pit-bull of a man runs his hands over the walls. His arms are covered in hundreds of intricate black tattoos - the inky, cheap kind you get in prison. His name is **XAVIER** (30's).

XAVIER
Don't think anybody's listening.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2) 26

The three remaining captives stand in the corners of the room, watching the scene play out like helpless spectators.

One is **OBI** (30's) - a wiry man with the skittish look of a strung-out drug addict. One look at him tells you there's a lonely gutter out there somewhere.

The other is **LAURA** (20's) - a younger woman who is whimpering and shaking uncontrollably. She points up at the camera.

LAURA
Somebody's listening!

Everyone looks up at the camera.

DANIEL (O.S.)
No.

All eyes on Daniel. Not a situation he likes.

DANIEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(hesitant)
Those types of cameras don't have sound.

GUS (30's), an overweight, businessman type, who's chest inflates and deflates rapidly as he stares around the room, starts pacing.

GUS
How can you just wake up in a room and not know where you are?

XAVIER
You've obviously never been drunk before.

GUS
Yeah, I've been drunk. I spent three years of college drunk. This isn't one of those times. This is kidnapping.
(beat)
I saw this movie on TV a few nights back. True story. This guy, a reporter, he goes to this war zone. First night he gets there, he goes to sleep in his hotel room - BAM! When he wakes up, he's tied up in some cell with no windows and no light.
(beat)
He stayed in that cell for nine years.

XAVIER
Nine years? That's nothin'. Get over it.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (3) 26

LAURA
(sobbing)
What do you mean `get over it'?!

XAVIER
I mean stop bitching about it and let's do something!

00052

Laura recoils, trying to hold her sobs in.

JONAS
Alright, all of you need to calm down.

Xavier stares Jonas down, but doesn't say a word

00052

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (4) 26

ADDISON
(interrupting)
Shhh! Do you hear that?

Addison presses her ear against the door, listening intently. Gus approaches.

GUS
What is it?

ADDISON
Ticking. I hear ticking.

GUS
Ticking?

Gus peers through the peephole.

All is quiet--

--until a high pitched SHRIEK interrupts the action.

They all START, WHIPPING around to see the formerly unconscious young woman, now sitting up and very much conscious.

Her tangled brown hair hides a `seen-it-all' face, like a teenage runaway who's done enough time on the streets to know the rules.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (5) 26

Her name is **AMANDA** (30's). A young woman we have met before in Jigsaw's twisted story.

Everyone gapes at her.

She staggers around the room, disbelieving.

The look of knowing terror on her face scares the rest of the group. Jonas crosses, puts a reassuring hand on her shoulder. She shakes his hand off, backing up.

JONAS
Calm down. I'm not gonna hurt you.
(beat)
What's your name?

Her voice is barely a whisper.

AMANDA
Amanda. Where am I?

JONAS
Good question. We've all been asking ourselves the same thing.

Amanda hits the wall, FEAR welling up in her eyes.

AMANDA
No, no, no!

She begins foraging around the room, clawing at every nook and cranny, seemingly oblivious to the rest of them.

They all watch her, riveted.

JONAS
What are you looking for?

She turns to face the BRICKED-UP FIREPLACE. Walks towards it, then gets down on her knees.

She notices one brick is not quite even with the rest. She removes the brick, gropes around and grabs something.

She pulls it out.

It's a micro-cassette recorder.

Amanda holds it up in front of her, about to press play --

26 CONTINUED: (6) 26

when Jonas steps in, grabbing her shoulders firmly.

JONAS (CONT'D)
Stop. What is this, Amanda?

Amanda locks eyes with him. He's serious.

AMANDA
Everything you need to know is on this.

She holds up the tape recorder.

A small piece of paper is wrapped around it. The piece of paper says `PLAY ME'.

A small envelope is taped to it

She presses play on the recorder. Tape hiss crackles to life. Everyone forms a circle around her...listening.

Finally, that bone-chilling rasp fills the chamber.

Jigsaw.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Greetings, and welcome. I trust that you are all wondering where you are. I can assure you that while your location is not important, what these walls offer for you IS important.
(beat)
Salvation...if you earn it.
(beat; coughing)
Three hours from now, the door to this house will open. Unfortunately, you only have two hours to live. Right now, you are breathing in a deadly nerve agent. You have been breathing it in since you arrived here. Those of you familiar with the Tokyo subway attacks will know its devastating effects on the human body.

They all exchange looks.

JIGSAW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(from tape)
The only way to overcome it and walk out that door is to find an antidote. Several are hidden around this house. One is inside the safe in front of you. You all possess the combination to the safe.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (7) 26

JIGSAW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Think hard - the numbers are in the back of your mind. The clue to their order can be found over the rainbow.

Everyone turns to look at the safe.

JIGSAW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(from tape)
You may also work hard to obtain one of the other antidotes...but it may cost you your life.

The voice pauses, wheezing.

JIGSAW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(from tape)
Once you realize what you all have in common, you will gain a better understanding of why you're here. X marks the spot for the answer. For now, let the game begin.

The tape hiss returns...until the tape finally clicks to a stop. Amanda drops to the floor. Jonas drills Amanda.

JONAS
Who is that?

ADDISON
What does he mean, gas?

Amanda begins sobbing, letting the recorder fall out of her hand.

JONAS
How did you know where to find that, Amanda?

She doesn't answer; horrified.

XAVIER
This is bullshit.

Xavier marches over and snatches up the recorder. He sees the envelope taped to it, tearing it off and ripping it open. He lets the contents spill into his hand -- a key...and a note.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
(reading from the note)
Do not attempt to use this key on the door to this room.

Xavier marches over to the door.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (8) 26

GUS
Yeah, that's a good idea.

C00052

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (7) 26

AMANDA
No. It's not.

Xavier turns back and drills her with a look that would serve him well in a prison yard.

XAVIER
What else do you want to do? Huh? Sit here?

000052

AMANDA
The note said not to use the key.

XAVIER
Who cares what the note said? This is all some big god damn joke, and I'm about to end it. *

Gus leans in, peeking through the peephole.

GUS
I don't see anything. *

Gus squints, trying to make something out. *

GUS (CONT'D) *
There's no one out there. *

Xavier looks back at the others. *

XAVIER *
I'm getting out of here. You can do what you want. *

AMANDA *
It's not a joke. *

He turns the key. *

CUT TO:

27-28 OMITTED SCENE 27-28 27-28 *

28A INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT 28A *

POV SHIFTS TO THE OTHER SIDE of the door. *

A complicated contraption is wired to the lock, with a digital clock fused to the center of it. *

A wire runs from the lock, stretching up to the trigger of a SHOTGUN, which is aimed directly through the PEEPHOLE. *

(CONTINUED)

28B CONTINUED: 28B

ADDISON
He's a killer.

000052

AMANDA
No. He's not. He wants us to survive this. It's a test.

JONAS
How do you know all this?

She looks back at the corpse on the floor.

AMANDA
Because I've played before.

CUT TO

29 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT 29

Kerry, Rigg and Eric react to the violence on the monitor as the body drops and the chaos in the room erupts. *

Eric, agitated, turns to Kerry and Rigg. *

ERIC *
I want a tech team here, now. Find out * where that feed is coming from. *

He exits, crossing back into -- 000052 *

30 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR KITCHEN - NIGHT 30 *

Eric leans over the table, his face close to Jigsaw's. *

ERIC *
Alright you son of a bitch. What do you * want?! *

Jigsaw looks up, his words cutting into Eric like razors made of air.

JIGSAW
A little of your time, detective.

ERIC 000052
I don't have any.

JIGSAW
You asked me what I wanted and I told you. Believe me when I say that your son is in a lot of trouble.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 30

000052

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
He has about two hours before the gas creeping into his nervous system starts to break down his body tissue. He'll start bleeding from every orifice he has. *
Oh yes...there will be blood. *

ERIC *
My son loses one drop of blood and I will rip your fucking head off. *

000052

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2) 30

JIGSAW
I don't intend to mock you officer, but I am a cancer patient. How could you possibly put me in any more pain than I am already in?

000052

ERIC
What if I do give you a little of time? What then?

Jigsaw glances at the surrounding SWAT team.

JIGSAW
I only want to talk to you. Everyone else must leave. Those are my conditions.

000052

ERIC
This is a crime scene. There's no way they're leaving.

Kerry and Rigg come out of the monitor room and step into the main room of the lair. Kerry catches Eric's eye and motions him over.

JIGSAW
They don't have to leave the building. Just this area.
(beat)
Long enough for me to talk to you. If you agree to that, you will see your son again.

Eric stares into his cold, reptilian eyes. He drives a hard bargain.

CUT TO:

000052

000052

-- OMITTED SCENE 31 31 *

31A INT. JIGSAWS LAIR, UPPER LEVEL - NIGHT 31A *

Eric looks back up to Rigg and Kerry, crosses to them. The three of them huddle just out of earshot of Jigsaw, speaking softly. * * *

KERRY
We've got a tech team on the way. We'll have the signal traced within the hour. Maybe two.
(beat)
Until then, I think you should listen to what he has to say. 000052 *

RIGG
Five minutes of the old school method, Eric. That's how you get him to talk.

KERRY
No. This isn't some in-over-his-head drug courier. This man is very dangerous and he isn't going to respond to the phone book treatment. You know that.

RIGG
Don't underestimate tried and true methods there, Kerry.

KERRY
I'm the one who's been following this case from the beginning. I'm the one who's spent every waking moment piecing it together. *

000052

RIGG
Maybe that's why you don't have a family of your own and have no idea how he's feeling right now. *

KERRY
(ignoring Rigg -- to Eric) *
You lost your son once before because you * got involved with me. It's not going * happen again. Trust me. Humor Jigsaw. * It's the only way. *

A long beat. She nails him with a knowing glare. *

Eric turns back toward Jigsaw. Kerry and Eric turn back towards the monitor room. * *

(CONTINUED)

31A CONTINUED: 31A

We PUSH past Kerry and Rigg and into the monitors, seeing the players in the house. We PUSH IN onto Daniel and--

CUT TO:

32 INT. WAKE-UP ROOM - NIGHT 000052 32

--the rest of the group. They huddle as far from the door as possible.

Gus' corpse lies in the center of the room. Everybody stares at it - unable to look away.

Jonas rewinds the recorder, letting it run.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
The only way to overcome it and walk out that door is to find an antidote. Several are hidden around this house.

Jonas stops the tape. 000052

JONAS
Then why's he trying to keep us in this room?

000052

32 CONTINUED: 32

CLANG!! *

Everyone SNAPS their heads towards the DOOR.

000052

It groans open a fraction.

It has UNLOCKED.

All of a sudden, you could hear a pin drop. Nobody moves. Nobody breathes.

Finally Xavier moves towards the door. Takes a deep breath. Clenches his fist. And KICKS the door. It swings wide open. Wall sconces flicker to life, casting the hallway in small pools of jaundice light.

He takes a step forward. Jonas reaches out, stopping him.

JONAS (CONT'D) *
Watch yourself. *

000052

000052

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2) 32

Xavier nods and walks through the open doorway into--

33 INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

-- the long hall.

Resting against the wall opposite Xavier is a flashlight and a wooden baseball bat, nails sticking out of it in all directions.

In one SWIFT move, Xavier reaches down and SNATCHES up the lethal club. He swings it left and right, as if clearing cobwebs.

The others tentatively exit the wake-up room. Jonas brings up the rear, still holding on to the tape recorder. He looks back to see Laura cowering against the wall, smeared with Gus' blood. He offers his hand, gently lifting her to her feet.

Addison scoops up the flashlight and flicks it on. She examines the bulky device welded to the door handle and the gun wired to it.

ADDISON
No joke.

Jonas reaches inside the door, extracting the key from the lock, and then advances.

JONAS
Wait, where are you going?

XAVIER
I don't know. I never been here before.

JONAS
Well, can I raise a little issue before anybody starts exploring?

He has everyone's attention.

JONAS (CONT'D)
You spend enough time in prison even the guards stop hating you. I used to talk to one of them...worked death row. Strapped a lot of guys in the gas chamber and told me all about it. Let me tell you, once that stuff is in your system, ain't no antidote gonna help you.
(beat)
I say this is all bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 33

AMANDA
No. He would never lie.

All eyes on Amanda.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
If he says there's an antidote, there is. He wants to know how far we're willing to go to get it.

She turns and heads off down the corridor, scouring the walls for something...anything. Obi watches her go and then follows. Then Laura. Jonas is losing ground. He turns to the remaining captives.

JONAS
I'm just saying that no antidote is going to save you from--

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Xavier starts rapping on the wall.

XAVIER
Hear that? Wood. Plaster. This ain't a fortress, it's just a house. I'll break down the wall if I have to. Fuck antidotes.

He marches off. Everyone seems to be waiting on a decision from Jonas.

JONAS
Alright, let's go.

Suddenly, Addison is wracked with a coughing fit.

She lifts her head up. We see a trickle of blood coming from her nose. Daniel stares at her face.

She wipes her face, checks her hand. Blood.

33 CONTINUED: (2) 33

Bit by bit, the group makes its way down the hallway until they arrive at --

34 INT. FOYER - NIGHT 34

000052

--a darkened entry hall.

ADDISON
Look...

They all crowd in to see what she's talking about.

It's a door. Painted across it is the word `EXIT?' Xavier approaches it like a mouse approaching a piece of cheese. He extends his arm as far as he can, sliding the key in. Grits his teeth.

He turns it. Nothing.

000052

XAVIER
Shit!

He flings the key across the room.

Jonas walks over to it and picks it up, pocketing it.

JONAS
All you gotta do now is break the wall down.

000052

CUT TO:

35 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR KITCHEN - NIGHT 35

Eric strides out of the monitor room.

He approaches Jigsaw, who sits at the table like a helpless invalid, the overhead light reflecting off his hairless scalp.

Everyone else in the room clears the area, moving to the monitor room. Soon, it is just Eric and Jigsaw.

ERIC *
Okay, let's talk. *

JIGSAW *
Sit down, Eric. I want to play a game.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 35

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
The rules are simple. All you have to do is sit and talk to me, listen to me. If you can do that for long enough, you will find your son...in a safe and secure state.

ERIC
Is that a fact...Jigsaw?

000052

Jigsaw bristles, his smile fading.

JIGSAW
My name is John. It was the police and the press who coined the nickname 'Jigsaw'.
(beat)
The jigsaw piece I cut from my subjects was only ever meant to be a symbol. That the subject was missing something...a vital piece of the human puzzle. The survival instinct.

Eric checks his watch under the table. Fidgets.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
Did you know, detective, Darwin's theory, "survival of the fittest," no longer applies on this planet? We have a human race that doesn't have the edge or the will to survive.

Eric cuts him off.

000052

ERIC
This is all very interesting, John, but right now I only want you to talk to me about one thing...

JIGSAW
(interrupting)
I am talking to you. You're not listening.

000052

Eric boils.

ERIC
I'm listening, but all I'm hearing is the delusions of grandeur speech that comes about two seconds into every interview I've ever done with one of you people.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2) 35

000052

ERIC
I'm listening, but all I'm hearing is the delusions of grandeur speech that comes about two seconds into every interview I've ever done with one of you people.

000052

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2) 35

JIGSAW
This is an interesting approach to police work you're taking. Aren't you supposed to be convincing me that you are my friend? Lulling me into a false sense of security so that I'll confide in you?

000052

ERIC
It's a little hard to follow the manual when you have my son.

Jigsaw leans forward.

JIGSAW
The manual? What would you really like to do to me right now? What would you have done five years ago? Would you have followed the manual then? Or would you have broken my jaw with a flashlight? *

Eric pauses, staring at him.

000052

ERIC
You've done your homework.
(beat)
So why me?

Jigsaw considers before answering.

JIGSAW
Because you're perfect. And you need to be taught a lesson. * *

000052

36 INT. FOYER - NIGHT 000052 36 *

SMASH!!!

Xavier lifts the bat and brings it down on the door, a ball of frustration.

The nails sink into it. He wrenches it free and takes another swing.

SMASH!!!!

Several of the nails come loose. The sound is grating on Addison.

ADDISON
Okay, so we've established that the macho bullshit approach isn't opening the door. Any other suggestions?

Xavier turns to her and smiles. 000052

XAVIER
I'm sure that body's opened a lot of doors for you. Try using that.

Addison marches towards him, pissed. Jonas steps between them.

000052

JONAS
(to Addison)
You don't take any shit, do you? I can tell.

Amanda, Obi and Laura appear from a hallway.

DANIEL
Find anything?

Amanda ignores, proceeds to the hall opposite.

LAURA
No. Nothing.

Addison backs off from Xavier. Jonas turns to him, gesturing to one of the tattoos on his hulking bicep.

JONAS
Joliet, right?
(beat; off his look)
I did some time there myself.

He turns to Addison.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: 36

JONAS (CONT'D)
What about you? What's your correctional facility of choice?

She throws him a look.

ADDISON
What's your point?

000052

JONAS
My point is you didn't get that killer instinct teaching grade school. That makes three of us who've done time.

No one seems to get it.

JONAS (CONT'D)
We should be talking about what was on that tape. And the tape said we have more in common than we know.
(beat)
I say three of us doin' stretches can't be a coincidence.

LAURA (O.S.)
I opened a door over here!

000052

Everyone crosses to the stairs, where a hidden door has been fitted into the plaster underneath it. The type of thing you would miss if you weren't looking hard.

They push the door open further --

-- revealing a STAIRCASE, descending into TOTAL DARKNESS.

Addison flicks the flashlight on, aiming it into the void, but it betrays no hint as to what lies waiting.

Finally Jonas pipes up.

JONAS
Okay, who wants to die next?

000052

Xavier jostles to the front of the crew, baseball bat at the ready.

JONAS (CONT'D)
Perfect.

Xavier wrests the flashlight from Addison, then steals a step downwards. The floorboards creak. He takes another step. Eventually the darkness swallows him up.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2) 36

JONAS (CONT'D)
Aw, shit.

He sucks it up and sets off after Xavier.

000052

37 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT 37 *

The flashlight beam swords across the pitch black tomb. * Xavier creeps forward, wary. Jonas appears behind him. * 000952

The silence is unbearable. *

Jonas taps Xavier on the shoulder, pointing to-- *

--a figure...sitting in a chair in the corner, facing the * wall. Xavier holds up the bat and they stalk towards it. *

He hands the flashlight to Jonas, then reaches out...grabbing * the back of the chair. Takes a deep breath.

Swivels it around. In the light of the flashlight, they see a * mannequin, slumped in the chair. A butcher's knife is wedged * into its forehead. An envelope is taped to the mannequins * chest. The word OBI is scrawled across it. *

Xavier reaches out...slowly...then-- * 000952

--the second his fingers touch the knife, the LIGHTS COME ON. * Jonas and Xavier jump out of their skin, whirling around to * see-- *

--Daniel, standing by a light switch at the bottom of the * stairs. The rest of the gang is behind him.

JONAS *
Damn, kid. *

DANIEL *
Sorry. *

The dungeon is now illuminated by a single dangling bulb. Its * centerpiece is a huge iron CREMATION OVEN, which takes up one * wall. 000952 *

Jonas snatches up the envelope from the mannequin. *

JONAS *
What the hell is an Obi? *

OBI (O.S.) *
It's me. *

Everyone turns to face Obi. Can't believe he's spoken. *

OBI (CONT'D) *
That's my name. *

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: 37

JONAS
No shit. I'm Jonas. Nice to meet you.

He hands the envelope to Obi, who tears it open, the contents spilling out.

A micro-cassette. That's it.

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(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2) 37

Jonas tosses the recorder to Obi, who removes the first tape, inserts his own and hits play.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Hello, Obi. I want to play a game. It involves your old friend, fire. An element so essential to man's advancement, yet you have used it to hurt yourself and others...your obsession with it leading to the infliction of hideous burns on your body. You were given the gift of unblemished skin, and yet you chose to scar it.
(beat)
Now, you have a chance to scar yourself for a purpose. There are two syringes filled with an antidote inside the oven in this room. The first is my gift to you for helping me kidnap the others. The second is yours to donate...but it will come at a price. Are you willing to walk through fire to save one of those you have condemned? The choice is yours.

The tape-hiss returns.

JONAS
Wait a minute...

Everyone closes in around Obi.

JONAS (CONT'D)
...what did that mean 'kidnap the others'?

OBI
How would I know?

LAURA (O.S.)
Because you put us here.

Laura steps forward - anger rising as her memory returns.

LAURA (CONT'D)
I know him. I knew I knew him. He's the last person I saw before I woke up here.

39A INT. HALLWAY - DAY 39A

FLASHBACK

Obi LEAPS out of hiding in a darkened hallway, surprising Laura and firing a TASER. Laura DROPS.

39B INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT 39B

BACK TO SCENE

Laura CHARGES at Obi. Jonas blocks her, holding her back.

LAURA
You did this!

JONAS
Wait! Are you sure it was him? You better be sure.

LAURA
I'm sure!

Xavier grips Obi by the shoulder, holding him in place.

OBI
Fuck you. I did what I had to do. You would have done the same.

Xavier SLAMS him against the wall. Jonas gets in Obi's face.

XAVIER
You want a choice? You got five seconds to get us out of here or you're...

OBI
--I don't know the way out.

LAURA
Bullshit. If you put us in here, you can get us out.

OBI
No. I can't.

XAVIER
Then you're dead.

OBI
In a couple of hours, so are you.

Xavier loses it, BACKHANDING Obi.

(CONTINUED)

39B CONTINUED: 39B

ADDISON
Listen to me! While you assholes are killing him, we got two syringes at the back of this oven. Antidotes. We're wasting time talking to him.

LAURA
Wasting time? Are you kidding me? He kidnapped me in the middle of the night. He's the key to everything.

JONAS
And we don't know what's in those syringes. You gonna stick one in your arm and find out? I maintain that this gas thing is bullshit.

Addison steps forward. Blood dripping from her nose. She doesn't look too well.

ADDISON
Yeah? What if it's not?

DANIEL
So who gets them?

All eyes go to Daniel.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
There's only two, so which two people get an antidote?

ADDISON
Well, so far I'm the only one who even believes there is a gas.

LAURA
That doesn't mean anything.

Xavier wrenches the butcher's knife out of the dummy's head, holding it up to Obi's throat.

XAVIER
Work it out later. Right now, he's going in there or I'm gonna kill him... *

Obi grabs Xavier's hand, forcing the blade hard against his own skin. A trickle of blood runs down his neck.

OBI
You oughta cut me a little when you say that. Then I'll really know you're serious.

(CONTINUED)

39B CONTINUED: (2) 39B

He slowly draws the blade across his throat, leaving a trail of blood. Grins.

Xavier lowers the knife, shaken. Obi steps towards the oven.

OBI (CONT'D)
I think I'm gonna climb in there and get those needles.
(beat)
It will be worth it to see you guys fight over who gets to live...

(CONTINUED)

39B CONTINUED: (3) 39B

He worms his way into the tiny, coffin-sized tunnel.

42 INT. CREMATION OVEN - NIGHT 42

As he reaches the exhaust pipe he rolls himself over so that he is now looking up through the exhaust. He reaches up and grabs one of the syringes, which dangles from a chain. He frees it with ease. *

He stares up at the second needle. Considers. He reaches up, takes hold of it-- *

--and pulls. *

And that's when it happens. The front door of the oven SLAMS SHUT!! *

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(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 42

TINY BLUE PILOT LIGHTS erupt down each side of the oven. The flames gradually begin to enlarge.

OBI
Shit! Get me out!

He slides back down and tries to kick open the door.

43 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT 43

The group watches in horror as he kicks frantically at the door. Jonas grabs the handle and quickly recoils from the building heat.

JONAS
Shit!

44 INT. CREMATION OVEN - NIGHT 44

Obi flips back over. As he does his arm touches the now small orange flame, searing the flesh.

OBI
Help!

He army-crawls down the tube towards the far end. He passes the syringe and sees that there is a small window at the far end.

45 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT 45

INTERCUT BETWEEN

DANIEL--

--running to the far end of the oven.

DANIEL
There's a window down here!

THROUGH THE WINDOW--

--Obi screams as the flames get bigger. He PUNCHES the window. Nothing. Again. His knuckles start to bleed. Finally, he manages to crack the safety glass. It spiderwebs.

OBI
Hurry up!

JONAS--

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 45

--takes the bat from Daniel as the others crowd around, watching helplessly. He smashes the glass repeatedly until it finally gives way.

JONAS
(to Xavier)
Help me!

XAVIER--

--crosses. They reach into the oven and grab Obi's hands. They begin to pull. Obi's head emerges.

OBI
For Christ's sake, help me!

ADDISON
Pull him out!

JONAS
I'm trying!

VOOOOOOOM!!!! 000252

The flames erupt.

His bloodcurdling SCREAMS drown out the room.

Amanda turns away in horror. She glances up at the camera.

CUT TO:

46 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT 46

PULL BACK from the monitors as Kerry recoils from the gruesome image. Even Rigg appears sickened.

CUT TO:

47 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT 47

Xavier and Jonas try in vain to pull him out as Obi burns. 000252
The agonizing expression on Obi's face tells us all we need to know.

His screams become whimpers...and then silence. His head flops forward...gone.

Everyone just stares. Numb from the shock.

The syringes have melted. *

Amanda walks away from the group, heading up the stairs. -*

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 47

XAVIER
Where are you going?

She turns to look at them.

AMANDA
We just lost a piece of the puzzle. We'll never know what we have in common with him.

000052

And she's gone.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2) 47

Xavier spins around. With a warcry heard in Hell, he runs FULL STEAM at the camera that is staring at them on the ceiling, HURLING the baseball bat at it.

CAMERA'S POV - the bat connects with the camera DEAD ON SMASHING IT and plunging us into -- 000052

49 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT 49

-- static.

TV snow. White noise. Whatever you want to call it, this camera is no more.

Kerry STARTS as the monitor shuts off. 000052

RIGG
That's another one down, Kerry. How much longer are you gonna waste time with this bastard? *

Kerry spins around. 000052

KERRY
We're not wasting time. We're doing exactly what we should be doing until the tech team gets here.

RIGG
That's not what it looks like. *

000052

50 INT. KITCHEN JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 50 *

Jigsaw is in the middle of a rambling dissertation as Eric boils. *

JIGSAW *
...furthermore Detective, in 1906, less *
than 100 years ago...only 14% of homes *
had bathtubs, 8% had phones, the average *
hourly wage was 22 cents! Those people *
knew what it meant to struggle, to *
appreciate their blessings... *

000052

Eric's had enough. *

ERIC
What is it you want!? *

JIGSAW *
So hard to remain calm when your son is *
slowly dying on those monitors, isn't it *
Eric? *

Eric fights for control of his rising rage. Tries to calm himself for a beat. * *

ERIC *
I can't give you what you want if I don't *
know what it is.

000052

JIGSAW
I've told you.

ERIC
You said you wanted to talk. You didn't say what about.

Jigsaw's attention drifts to the I.V. tubes connected to him. It's almost like he's talking to the universe... * *

JIGSAW
What do you think the cure for cancer is, * Eric?

ERIC
I don't know. But it isn't torturing and * murdering others for your own pleasure.

JIGSAW
I have never murdered anyone in my life. *

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: 000052 50

ERIC
Putting a gun to someone's head and forcing them to pull the trigger is still murder.

JIGSAW *
"Forcing"? Since when has force ever *
bothered you, Detective? *

Jigsaw smiles knowingly. 000052 *

JIGSAW (CONT'D) *
(after a beat) *
Let me ask you - why are you so desperate to get your son back?

ERIC
Because he's my son, that's why.

JIGSAW
Exactly. The knowledge of your son's impending death has caused you to act. To forgive all of his sins. To wipe the slate clean. Why is it that we only do that when a life is at stake?

000052

50 CONTINUED: (2) 50

000052

ERIC
I've always loved my son. Nothing's changed. *

JIGSAW
Oh, but it has. The knowledge of death changes everything. * *

Jigsaw looks away, his mind drifting... *

000052

DISSOLVE TO:

51 INT. HOSPITAL CANCER WARD WAITING ROOM - DAY 51

FLASHBACK

The constant drone of life-saving, or at least life-prolonging, equipment mixes with the somber, hushed chatter you hear in hospitals.

Nurses move down corridors, past silent patients who wait on plastic chairs, hoping for good news.

In the center of all this activity, a lone man sits, away from everyone else.

It is JOHN - AKA JIGSAW - now with a full head of hair. He looks much healthier. Almost athletic.

He watches the passing nurses.

000052

Waiting.

A SIX YEAR OLD BOY approaches, smiling.

John smiles back.

He takes out a quarter, holding it up for the child to see. He places it in his other hand, making a fist around it.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 51

JOHN
You think you've got everything in the palm of your hand...but in the blink of an eye, it's gone.

He opens his fist. The coin is gone.

The boy laughs. His mother appears, taking his hand.

MOTHER
Is this man doing tricks for you? Say thank you.

000052

The boy says nothing. Shy.

JOHN
It's okay. When I was his age, I barely said a word.

MOTHER
It's nice to see a smiling face around here.

JOHN
Thank you.

000052

The mother leads him away.

A nurse emerges from one of the offices holding a clipboard.

NURSE
John Kramer?

John looks up. Takes a deep breath.

JOHN
Yes.

000052

NURSE
The doctor will see you now.

John nods. He opens his hand - the quarter sits in it once again. He stares at his palms.

51 CONTINUED: (2) 51

000052

They are shaking.

He gets up slowly. He follows the nurse into an office and she closes the door.

The words stencilled on the door read DR. LAWRENCE GORDON ONCOLOGY.

52 EXT. INSIDE JOHN'S CAR, HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY 52

FLASHBACK

John sits in his car. Alone. 000052

He looks down at a series of X-rays, scattered on the passenger seat.

People pass his car - happy couples, families. Laughing. Singing.

John begins to cry - deep and painful tears that stream down his face uncontrollably.

He grips his head, as if it were the source of the pain.

CUT TO:

53 INT. KITCHEN JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 000052 53

PRESENT

A tear falls down Jigsaw's face.

JIGSAW
Can you imagine...what it feels like to have someone sit you down and tell you that you are dying? That the clock is ticking for you? The gravity of that. In a split second, the world is cracked open. You look at things differently, smell things differently. You savor everything, be it a glass of water or a walk in the park. *

ERIC
The clock is ticking for all of us. From the second we're born.

JIGSAW
But most people have the luxury of not knowing when that clock is going to go off. The irony is that this keeps them from ever really living.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
It keeps them sleep-walking ...keeps them drinking a glass of water but never really tasting it. *

000052

ERIC
So cancer is an excuse for what you do. *

JIGSAW
The cancer isn't what started me in my work. It was the moment which brought meaning to my death sentence that started it. The moment I decided to end my life. * * * *

We hear the sound of TIRES SCREECHING, METAL SMASHING INTO METAL, GLASS SHATTERING - and A MAN SCREAMING.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. INSIDE JOHN'S CAR, ROAD - NIGHT 54

000052

FLASHBACK

A car wreck.

John is suspended UPSIDE DOWN, still trapped in his seat-belt. Blood trickles from his nose into his hair; the flickering light of nearby flames dancing on his face.

He stirs, barely conscious. A pole has broken through the windshield and IMPALED him, piercing his shoulder.

He tries to move, crying out in agony.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
I had literally driven myself to suicide...and I had failed. My body had not been strong enough to repel cancer cells, yet had lived through a plunge off a cliff face.

In the greatest of pain, John grips the pole, gritting his teeth and wrenching it forward.

000052

54 CONTINUED: 54

He grips it again, taking a deep breath and wrenches again... slowly PULLING IT OUT OF HIS BODY.

55 EXT. JOHN'S CAR, ROAD - NIGHT 55

000052

MOMENTS LATER

John crawls out of the wreck, cutting his hands on scattered shards of BROKEN GLASS as he does.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
I was alive. And I was determined to devote the rest of my days to teaching others to appreciate life... *

56 OMITTED SCENE 56 56

57 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR KITCHEN - NIGHT 57

000052

PRESENT

JIGSAW
...you understand Eric? *

Eric leans forward.

ERIC
You have a chance to do something good right now, John.

Jigsaw looks up at him. Eric sees an opening.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Tell me where he is and I can help you.

JIGSAW
No, you still don't understand. Those who don't appreciate life, don't deserve life. * *

000052

ERIC *
My son appreciates his life! *

Jigsaw looks at him long and hard. *

JIGSAW *
But do you? *

57 CONTINUED: 57

000352

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
(beat)
Those without a will to live...don't deserve to live.

000352

000352

58 INT. MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT 58 *

Kerry and Rigg watch the monitors intently. Kerry's phone rings.

000052

KERRY
Kerry...where are you? No! Not good enough! I want you here now!...

We MOVE past Kerry, past the digital clock which now reads 54 minutes, CLOSING IN on one of the monitors and bleeding into--

CUT TO:

59 INT. DOWNSTAIRS ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 59

--Amanda, Daniel and Laura search through the foyer area, checking under couches, running their fingers along the ridges of the wood in the floor...desperate.

Laura sways on her feet, looking sicker by the second. Beads of sweat form on her forehead, her skin ghostly pale.

She COLLAPSES onto the floor. Daniel rushes to her aid, helping her to sit up.

000052

DANIEL
Laura? Can you hear me?

Her eyes flutter open.

LAURA
That's twice I've had to wake up to your ugly faces.

DANIEL
Do you think you can stand up?

000052

LAURA
Yeah, but I don't exactly want to.

Amanda resumes her search of the foyer.

Laura begins to cry; helpless, hopeless sobs.

LAURA (CONT'D)
There's still so much I have to do...so many people I've gotta talk to. This can't be it.

Her words hit Daniel in the gut.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: 59

DANIEL

It's not. 000052

Daniel looks up at Amanda.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Amanda, you survived, right?

AMANDA

I what?

000052

59 CONTINUED: (2) 59

DANIEL
This guy...whoever did this to us...you said you survived one of his games before.

000252

AMANDA
Yeah.

DANIEL
That means we can survive this.

Laura looks up. Waits with Daniel for Amanda's answer. They don't get one - just a look that sends a shiver down both their spines. *

DANIEL (CONT'D) *
Why did he pick you?

Amanda stares down at the TRACK MARKS on her arms.

000252

AMANDA
I wasn't being good to myself.

FLASH CUT TO:

60 INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 60

An arm being tied off. A needle going into a vein.

FLASH CUT TO:

61 OMITTED SCENE 61 61

62 INT. DOWNSTAIRS ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 62

Amanda keeps herself distracted, continuing the search. *

AMANDA
The funny thing is, he cured me of all that. I passed his little test. * *

000252

DANIEL
If you passed, then why are you back here? * *

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: 62

Amanda's eyes widen as she imagines something very PAINFUL.

FLASHCUT TO:

63 INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 63

FLASHBACK

A dark place.

Amanda steps up onto a stool, preparing a NOOSE.

She tightens it, slipping her head inside.

FLASHCUT TO:

64 INT. DOWNSTAIRS ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 64

PRESENT

Amanda JOLTS as the image hits her mind.

AMANDA
Killing somebody will really mess you up. *

Daniel nods. Stares at the track marks on her arms. *

DANIEL
How long have you...? *

He gestures to her arms. *

AMANDA
I started in jail.

DANIEL
What were you arrested for?

AMANDA
Possession.
(beat)
Pretty ironic, huh? *

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: 64

AMANDA (CONT'D)
(to Daniel)
I take it you've never been arrested before.

DANIEL
(trying to impress)
I've been in trouble a few times. This and that, you know. I mean, my dad is a...
(beat; stops himself)
...he's a real hard ass.

Daniel stares off. TEARS well up in his eyes, which he tries to hide from the others. He swallows them. Forces a laugh.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
He's probably got half the city out looking for me, just so he can find me and kick my ass for disappearing on him.

AMANDA
Sounds like a pretty good father.

Daniel looks up at her. A long beat.

DANIEL
Yeah. He is.

A beat of silence. They listen to the house. From somewhere deep in its bowels, they hear one of the other group members calling for help.

AMANDA
I think we should keep on moving.

64 CONTINUED: 64

000052

AMANDA
(to Daniel)
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DANIEL
(trying to impress)
I've been in trouble a few times. This and that, you know. I mean, my dad is a...
(beat; stops himself)
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A beat of silence. They listen to the house. From somewhere deep in its bowels, they hear one of the other group members calling for help.

AMANDA
I think we should keep on moving.

Laura waves her off.

LAURA
We'll get moving in a minute. Just give me two seconds to --

Her sentence is CUT SHORT as she BURSTS into a sickening coughing fit, covering her mouth with her hand.

Her coughing dies down. She takes her hand away.

It is speckled with BLOOD.

At the sight of it, Laura's eyes roll upwards and she FAINTS.

Daniel and Amanda race over to her, shaking her.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2) 64

Jonas EXPLODES out of the darkness at the top of the stairs, short of breath. He leans over the railing. *

JONAS
We found something.

DANIEL
What?

JONAS
A door! Come on!

Amanda and Daniel hoist Laura to her feet and follow.

65 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT 65

Amanda and Daniel help Laura through the corridor behind Jonas until they hit a dead end and see Addison, on her knees, prying at a door handle.

JONAS
There's no lock on it but we can't get it open.

Addison pulls on it. It opens outwards a fraction, but won't give any further.

Laura slumps against the wall. Amanda kneels beside her, massaging her hand.

ADDISON
It's stuck on something.

XAVIER
Here, let me do it.

Xavier shoves her aside, gripping the handle.

Addison looks up at him with disgust.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: 65

ADDISON
Why don't you --

She stops mid-sentence, taken aback. She is looking down at his feet. Xavier follows her gaze --

C00052

-- seeing droplets of blood spattering his toes.

Blood is pouring from his nose.

He wipes it away, surprised by how much blood there is.

He STOPS for a moment, trying not to appear too shaken.

XAVIER
Stand back.

He braces his foot against the wall.

AMANDA
Wait! Should we be opening it? If it's stuck, it's a trap.

C00052

Everyone exchanges looks.

XAVIER
Lady, this whole house is a fucking trap. *

He heaves on it with all his strength. Everyone else takes a step back.

SNAP!

The door flies open and Xavier is hurled backwards. A wire attached to the inside lock appears to be the cause.

Everyone steps forward to peer inside the room.

C00052

66 INT. NEEDLE ROOM - NIGHT 66

Welcome to another damp, windowless dungeon.

The rusted bed frame of an old canopy bed sits oddly in the center of it. A red satin sheet is draped across the bottom. The faded remnants of somebody's childhood are splashed across the walls; once-bright pictures hidden under an inch of grime.

The now-slack wire runs from the lock on the door, snakes across the room and ends in a pin on the opposite side.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: 66

Above the wire is another door. A large, mechanical box is fixed to the center of it. A digital timer on the box counts down from THREE MINUTES, the seconds ticking away RAPIDLY.

It appears Xavier has freed the wire by ripping the pin out of the device, setting the timer off.

Xavier and Jonas scramble over to it. Xavier tries the door - nope, sorry.

JONAS
Whatever we're gonna do, we got three minutes to do it.

They swivel around to search the room. An envelope is dangling from the bed frame. The name on it says "Xavier."

Xavier crosses and rips the envelope open, letting a micro-cassette fall into his hand. Jonas hands him the recorder and he slots the tape inside, depressing the PLAY button.

Amanda, Daniel and Addison enter, leaving Laura in the hall.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Hello Xavier. I want to play a game.
(beat)
The game I want to play is very similar to the one you have been playing with others as a drug dealer - the game of offering hope to the desperate...for a price. I think we can agree that your situation is desperate...so I offer you hope. The price you pay is that you must crawl into the same pit of squalor you force your customers into.
(beat)
By entering this room, a timer has been started. When the timer expires, the door in front of you will be locked forever. Only in finding the key before the timer runs out can you unlock it and retrieve the antidote inside. I'll give you just one hint as to where that key is - it will be like finding a needle in a haystack. Let the game begin.

Xavier says the last line back to himself, under his breath.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2) 66

XAVIER
A needle in a haystack...?
(beat; frustrated)
This is bullshit.

He hurls the recorder against the wall, smashing it into pieces.

JONAS
That was genius.

Xavier steps towards Jonas. Eye to eye.

XAVIER
I've passed my politeness point with you.
Now I'm just plain upset.

Daniel, still trying to solve Jigsaw's riddle, thinks a moment, then--

--moves the bed frame and snatches up one corner of the red satin sheet beneath it, ripping it upwards --

-- unveiling a PIT, dug into the floor, about five feet in circumference.

The pit is filled with DIRTY SYRINGES - literally thousands of them. All of them are still encrusted with the filth of unsupervised use. It is nothing less than a junkies graveyard.

They stare at it, open mouthed.

ADDISON
Ouch...

JONAS
Give me that bat.

He snatches the bat from Xavier's grip, leaning over the pit. He shoves the bat downwards. It disappears entirely.

JONAS (CONT'D)
This thing is deeper than it looks.

XAVIER
Somebody's gotta get in there.

ADDISON
The tape said you.

Xavier points over at Amanda.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (3) 66

XAVIER
And I say her.

C 0 0 5 2

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (4) 66

AMANDA
What?

XAVIER
She's gonna do it.

Xavier charges over to her and forces her arms up - exposing the track marks on them for everyone's perusal.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
She's the fucking junkie.

AMANDA
You don't know a thing about me.

XAVIER
I know you're gonna feel right at home in there.

And with that, Xavier SHOVES her INTO THE PIT.

DANIEL
NO!

She flails, SCREAMING, landing FLAT ON HER BACK in the sea of syringes.

Addison turns away, sickened.

Xavier towers at the rim of the well, baseball bat in hand.

XAVIER
Move it, bitch! Find the key.

Amanda wades forward, CRYING OUT in pain. She lifts her arm - FOUR of the needles STICK OUT OF IT. She picks them out carefully, then begins to claw through the others.

Daniel can't just stand there. He springs into action, laying flat and using the red satin sheet to scoop piles of the needles out of the hovel, heaping them onto the floor behind him.

Jonas and Addison search the piles madly.

Forty seconds....

XAVIER (CONT'D)
Keep looking!

Amanda SCREAMS again as she steps on something, tears pouring down her face. She fishes through the syringes, tossing handfuls of them out of the pit.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (4) 66

Thirty seconds... 000052

Amanda is now waist deep. Three syringes protrude from her back. Daniel reaches out, plucking them free.

Amanda bends down, groping around at the bottom of the pit, wincing as more pinpricks startle her.

Twenty seconds...

XAVIER (CONT'D)
Come on, come on!

She digs further -

Ten seconds...

Xavier looks down to the pile of needles now on the ground. He double-takes. A small key is visible amongst the crust-covered syringes. He snatches it up.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
I got it!

Five seconds... *

Xavier dashes frantically across the room.

Four...

He fumbles the key trying to turn it the right way.

Three...

He gets the key part of the way into the lock, but it sticks.

Two..

XAVIER (CONT'D)
Come on...

One...

It goes the rest of the way in just as we hear a LOUD METALLIC CLANK! Two bars slide across the door, preventing it from opening.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
No! *

Xavier turns the key to no avail, then punches the wall and the safe. He WHIRLS, stalking towards Amanda, who is climbing * out of the pit.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (6) 66

He grabs her by the hair and yanks her head back.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
You stupid fucking whore!

DANIEL
Hey! Lay off her!

Daniel rushes. Xavier BACKHANDS him out of the way.

A hand comes down on Xavier's arm.

JONAS
Stop!

XAVIER
Oh, I'm just getting started.

He drops Amanda back into the pit, then turns and tries to sucker punch Jonas. Jonas simply leans back away from the punch, causing Xavier to whiff.

Addison steps between them.

ADDISON
Why don't you two just save your alpha male shit for some other time, okay?

Their eyes stay locked. A line has been crossed.

Daniel hauls Amanda out of the pit - and the sight is truly gasp-worthy.

DOZENS of syringes stick out of her legs. He helps her to extract them, one by painful one.

Addison turns and addresses the group.

ADDISON (CONT'D)
Did you hear that tape? He knows things about our past, about us. He knows our names.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (7) 66

ADDISON (CONT'D)
There's something we're not seeing.

Everyone is at a loss...until:

LAURA (O.S.)
Jail...

They turn to face Laura, who limps into the room.

LAURA (CONT'D)
...you said three of us had been there.
(beat)
Make that four.

JONAS
No way. You? What'd you do, kill somebody at a shoe sale?

LAURA
I spent a weekend there because one cop was in a bad mood. Does that count?

JONAS
Maybe...anyone else want to own up?

Amanda raises her hand.

Jonas turns to Daniel.

JONAS (CONT'D)
What about you kid? You got juvy written all over you.

DANIEL
No...I've never been.

The hint of hope in Jonas' eyes leaves as quickly as it came.

JONAS
Alright then...let's talk through this again.

XAVIER
No! Enough talking! The only thing you people have in common is that you're holding me back. I'm gone.

He snatches up the baseball bat and charges out of the room.

Addison throws Jonas a look.

JONAS
What? You saying that's my fault?

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (8) 66

000052

Jonas sighs.

JONAS (CONT'D)
I'll go talk to him. You keep looking.

CUT TO:

67 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT 67

Kerry begins to pace. The digital clock reads 21 minutes. *

RIGG *
Where is this god damn tech team?

KERRY
They'll be here any second. 000052

ERIC (O.S.) *
(on the edge) *
I'm not listening to this any more! *

In BG, we see Eric get up from the table and pace around the * room...trapped, on edge. *

RIGG
Another second is too fucking long.

KERRY *
I know the way Jigsaw thinks. He's *
playing a game. Eric just needs to hang *
in there a little longer. *
000052

RIGG
Are you looking at this clock? You better
start thinking outside the box.. before *
Eric's son ends up in one. *

Kerry looks out towards Eric. Walks out of the monitor room * and into-- *

68 OMITTED SCENE 68 68 *

000052

68A INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 68A *

Kerry crosses toward Eric, takes him aside. *

KERRY *
His work. *

ERIC *
What? *

Kerry stares at Jigsaw, who struggles to take in a breath, looking more frail by the second. * *

KERRY *
You want to get to him? That's how you do it. * *
(beat) *
He's relishing this. It's an opportunity for him to be heard. To be studied. So threaten to destroy his work, his drawing, his records, everything. You heard him - he thinks of himself as a scientist. And what good is a scientist without his findings? * * * * * * * * * *

000052

Eric considers, nods his assent to Kerry. As Kerry returns to the monitor room, Eric runs his fingers along the wall of the workshop, tearing down diagrams and drawings as he goes. * *

68B INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR KITCHEN - NIGHT 68B *

He plops the pile of papers down on the table. Takes out a cigarette and sits down. Lights the cigarette and exhales. Holds the papers up to his cigarette. The papers catch fire and burn quickly. * * *

JIGSAW *
How will you get your conviction without all that evidence, Eric?

ERIC
You think I need all this to convict you?

000052

Jigsaw ACTUALLY YAWNS.

JIGSAW
Burn it then. Burn it all. Just know that it's not going to save your son. *

Eric is shaken. He swallows it. His tough act gets weaker every second.

(CONTINUED)

68B CONTINUED: 68B

000052

ERIC
You kill my son, I kill you. *

Jigsaw leans forward.

JIGSAW
Why wait to do it? Why pretend to be something you're not - a reasonable person? You know who you are - you're the type of person who guns down unarmed suspects. The type of person who plants evidence to get a conviction. The type of person whose wife leaves him and whose son hates him. * * *

We see on Eric's face that he has HIT A NERVE. Eric shoots up out of his chair grabs Jigsaw by the rub and cocks his fist back to him. * * *

O.S., we hear the SOUND OF BOOTS coming up the stairs. *

000052

000052

JIGSAW (CONT'D) *
Your team has arrived...just in time.

Eric spins around to see a team of two mean and two women heading up the stairs, carrying metal cases. He turns back to Jigsaw.

ERIC
You better hope they locate the source of * this feed. *

He drops Jigsaw and walks away.

JIGSAW 000052
Eric.

He keeps walking.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
There's something I haven't told you.

Eric stops, pissed.

JIGSAW (CONT'D) *
Well, actually, it's something I'd rather show you than tell you about. *

ERIC
Yeah? What is it?

000052

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (3) 68

JIGSAW
I can't very well get it myself. Perhaps your friends listening in the other room can get it for me. Brown desk. Second drawer down. *

000052

SMASH CUT TO:

69 OMITTED SCENE 69 69

70 INT. MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT 70

Kerry locates the desk. Opens the second drawer and removes a stack of file folders. *

JIGSAW (O.S. - THROUGH WIRE)
You don't remember all of them, but I'm sure they all remember you...

Kerry opens the folder. Rigg looks over her shoulder The first thing they see is a POLICE MUGSHOT of XAVIER.

JIGSAW (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You were the arresting officer in all of their cases. You were the one who provided, or planted, evidence. You were the one who put them away.
(beat)
Your son is playing a game with a lot of people who don't like you very much, detective. It would be a shame if they discovered who he was.

000052

One by one, we see them all - with that grim expression you can only achieve in a mugshot: JONAS, ADDISON, LAURA, OBI and AMANDA. Everyone except Daniel.

Footsteps approach and Eric enters the Monitor room. Eric strides in.

As Kerry looks at him grimly, CAMERA MOVES past and into the monitors...

000052

CUT TO:

71 INT. THE WAKE-UP ROOM - NIGHT 71

Xavier charges into the room where this nightmare began for him. He rests the bat against the side of the safe.

He coughs, a spray of blood hitting the floor.

He kneels down by the safe trying to deduce the combination.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: 71

XAVIER
Think, think, think...

His gaze drifts over to Gus's corpse. 000052

HIS EXPRESSION SUDDENLY CHANGES.

There is a NUMBER branded into the back of Gus's neck, in bright orange. The number 2. Jigsaw's voice echoes through Xavier's head.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
...you all possess the combination to the safe. Think hard - it's in the back of your mind. The order can be found over the rainbow.

XAVIER
Son of a...

JONAS (O.S.)
What are you hoping to do up here?

Xavier whirls around. Jonas is standing in the doorway.

XAVIER
I haven't decided yet.

JONAS
The others are scared of you.

Jonas steps inside the room.

JONAS (CONT'D)
You and I can keep going at each other like we're back in the yard or we can figure out why we're here and who did this to us.

XAVIER
You and the others can do what you want. I'm going solo.

Jonas shakes his head. Chuckles.

JONAS
You know, you remind me of me sometimes. Even in a situation as weird as this one, you still have to find yourself an enemy.

Jonas leans against the wall, staring at the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (2) 71

JONAS (CONT'D)
I got enemies too. Outside these walls. They're looking for me. And if they don't find me...they're going after the people closest to me. My family. Understand?

He steps closer to Xavier. Puts his hand on his shoulder.

XAVIER
No. I don't understand...it's just me and that's the way I like it.

He shrugs Jonas' hand away.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
Now turn around.

JONAS
Come again?

XAVIER
Turn. Around.

The two men circle each other like panthers.

JONAS
Don't think so.

Xavier CHARGES at Jonas, who sidesteps.

Xavier turns around and charges again, aiming for the waist - football style. He BARRELS into Jonas and they hit the wall.

XAVIER
You punk!

In the bat of an eye, Jonas disarms Xavier. He then proceeds to systematically beat Xavier down. The man clearly has a LOT of fighting experience. It's an ugly beating.

Very quickly, Xavier is on the ground, a bloody, bruised and panting mess.

Jonas turns, breathing hard, and begins to cough. As with the others, flecks of blood spray the ground. He starts back towards the door when --

THWACK!!

The bat slams down into the crown of Jonas' head, the nails DRIVING into his skull and anchoring it.

Xavier lets go of the handle and steps back.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (3) 71

Jonas blinks dumbly, standing up, the bat still fixed to the top of his skull. He staggers around, swatting at the bat...then slowly winds down, as if someone was shutting off his power.

He hits the floor, blood spreading out around him.

Xavier kicks Jonas over onto his stomach, revealing the number 17, etched in BLUE on the back of his neck.

CUT TO:

72 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR # 2 - NIGHT 72 *

Amanda, Daniel, Addison and an increasingly sick looking Laura stalk down the corridor. Nervous. *

LAURA *
I need to stop for a second.

She slumps against the wall, sliding down to the floor. * Amanda kneels down, helping her to sit up. *

LAURA (CONT'D) *
How do I look? *

No one answers. *

Addison paces, frustration building inside her. *

ADDISON *
My guess is we've been here two hours. If what that tape said is true, the front door opens in one hour.

AMANDA *
We're not going to last that long.

ADDISON *
(hateful)
You're always so sure, aren't you?

DANIEL *
She knows what she's talking about.

ADDISON *
Oh yeah?

LAURA *
(whispered)
X marks the spot...

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: 72

Amanda turns to face Laura. She is pointing up at something on the wall - a grimy, framed picture, skewed at an angle.

Two cracks run through the center of it...forming an X.

LAURA (CONT'D)
X marks the spot for the answer.

Addison approaches the picture, removing it from the wall with the caution of a bomb squad member. There is nothing behind it.

DANIEL
Open it up.

She unlatches the frame at the back, opening it. A photograph falls out, fluttering to the floor. Addison scoops it up --

-- and FREEZES.

It is a picture of Daniel with Eric. Arms around each other. Happy.

Amanda and Daniel crowd around.

ADDISON
(to Daniel)
What are you doing with him?

C 0 0 0 5 2

She flips the photo over - printed on the back are the words 'FATHER AND SON'.

Addison lowers the photo.

ADDISON (CONT'D)
That's your father?

DANIEL
You know him?

C 0 0 0 5 2

She lowers the photo. Doesn't look happy.

ADDISON
Yeah. That's the cop who put me away.

Daniel backs up. Addison storms up to him, grabbing him.

ADDISON (CONT'D)
He set me up.

AMANDA
Daniel...please tell me that's not your father.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

DANIEL
I...I...

SUDDENLY - Laura vomits blood. Her whole body begins to TREMOR uncontrollably, as if she were suffering some sort of violent epileptic seizure. She SCREAMS.

Amanda kneels over her, trying to keep her head from banging against the floor. Addison keeps her eyes fixed on Daniel.

AMANDA
Laura! Laura!

Then, as quickly as it began, Laura's seizure suddenly ceases and her body RELAXES...drool seeping from her mouth.

Amanda shakes Laura's body. She's gone.

ADDISON
That's it. I can't trust you...I can't trust any of you. Xavier had the right idea...you two are on your own.

She marches off down the hallway. Daniel watches her go, then turns to Amanda.

AMANDA
Once you realize what you have in common....

DANIEL
Amanda, I didn't know.
(beat)
Please, don't leave me.

Amanda stares at him. Considering.

AMANDA
I think you better get out of here.

SMASH CUT TO:

73 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY # 1 - NIGHT 73 *

Wild eyed, manic, bleeding and bruised, Xavier stomps down the hall. A man on a mission. He turns down the stairs, headed towards the basement.

74 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY #2 - NIGHT 74 *

Amanda and Daniel walk down a hallway.

DANIEL
Where is Jonas? *

SMASH CUT TO:

75 INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - NIGHT 75

Addison leans against a wall, breathing heavily, sweating. She's starting to get really sick.

SMASH CUT TO:

76 INT. WAKE UP ROOM - NIGHT 76

Amanda and Daniel stand in shock looking at Jonas' dead body.

SMASH CUT TO:

77 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT 77

Xavier approaches Obi's body. He lifts the head up by the hair and exposes the number on his neck. GREEN 25.

SMASH CUT TO:

78 INT. FOYER - NIGHT 78

Xavier rushes up from the basement. *

XAVIER *
Amanda? Where are you? *

He heads up the stairs. *

78A INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY # 2 - NIGHT 78A *

Xavier stalks the hall, holding the butchers knife. He spots Laura's body and crouches down over it. He lifts her head, checking her number - INDIGO 16. *

Something catches his eye - a photograph. *

He snatches it up - it is the photo of Eric and Daniel. *

(CONTINUED)

78A CONTINUED: 78A

Rage registers across Xavier's face. He stands up, reading the back of the photo. *

XAVIER *
(reading from photo) *
Father and son... *

SMASHCUT TO: *

78B INT. FOYER - NIGHT 78B *

Daniel and Amanda rush back through the foyer. As they cross, a wild-eyed Xavier appears at the top of the stairs. *

They freeze. A long uncomfortable stand-off ensues. *

Amanda and Daniel slowly inch backwards

78B CONTINUED: 78B

XAVIER
Do. Not. Run.

000052

And that's when they start running.

79 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT 79

Eric watches in horror as Xavier takes off after his son.

The tech team is at work on the monitors, pulling out cables and setting up laptop computers.

Rigg steps up to Eric.

RIGG
This is bullshit. How long have we known each other, man?

He jerks his head at Kerry.

RIGG (CONT'D)
You have one affair with her back in the dark ages and all of a sudden she's making decisions for you?

He leans in close to Eric, lowering his voice.

RIGG (CONT'D)
I remember how we used to get things done.

Eric considers. Tortured by what is happening to his son.

80 INT. JIGSAWS LAIR KITCHEN - NIGHT 80

Eric charges out of the monitor room, rolling his sleeves up.

A different man.

000052

Kerry catches up to him.

KERRY
Eric, you aren't going to get anything done that you --

Rigg steps in front of her, cutting her off.

RIGG
We tried it your way. Now we do things old school.

Rigg hauls her inside the monitor room, closing the door.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: 80

000052

It's just Jigsaw and Eric now.

Eric HURLS the table out of the way--

--then rips the wire from inside his shirt, dropping it onto the floor.

ERIC
Nobody's listening any more.

000052

Eric kicks the chair out from under Jigsaw. He lands with a sickening wallop on the floor. Eric crouches next to him, leaning in close. He rips out Jigsaw's IV lines.

ERIC (CONT'D)
What do you say now, pal? *

000052

80 CONTINUED: (2) 80

Jigsaw whispers in his ear. 000052

JIGSAW
Not long to go until your son is pissing blood.

And that, my friends, is it.

Eric SNAPS one of Jigsaw's fingers upwards. It CRACKS with a clean break.

Jigsaw SCREAMS as Eric STOMPS on his hand.

He BOOTS Jigsaw in the face, his head hitting the wall.

Jigsaw turns around, smiling, blood lining his teeth.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
Now *that's* the Eric Matthews they gave medals to. * *

81 OMITTED SCENE 81 000052 81

82 INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT 82

Amanda and Daniel SPRINT through the halls of the house.

Xavier limps behind them, SCREAMING.

XAVIER (O.S.)
I'm gonna show your dad what a murder victim really looks like!

Daniel hits the end of the corridor first, scanning left and right. 000052

82 CONTINUED: 82

DANIEL
This way!

He leads them to the left, plummeting headlong into darkened depths.

Xavier hits the end of the corridor, unsteady on his feet. He sets off after them, swinging the knife back and forth in front of him.

XAVIER
(gasping)
You're dead, kid! Understand? Dead!

83 INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - NIGHT 83

Addison stumbles along, supporting herself with the wall. She is gasping and her nose is bleeding. She reaches a door. Looks up. It is marked "GUS." She opens it and staggers in.

CUT TO:

84 INT. EMPTY ROOM - NIGHT 84

Empty...but for a clear plexi-glass box suspended from the ceiling by chains. Inside the box is a syringe filled with antidote.

She staggers up to it. There are two holes on the bottom of the box that her arms would easily fit inside.

CUT TO:

85 INT. WAKE UP ROOM - NIGHT 85

Daniel and Amanda race into the wake-up room and stop short. Amanda turns away at the sight of now two corpses, GUS and JONAS and the large lake of blood now on the floor.

DANIEL
Oh my God...

A PIERCING SCREAM echoes through the house. They look down in the direction it came from.

CUT TO:

86 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 86

Xavier stops. Turns back towards where the scream came from.

CUT TO:

000052

7 INT. EMPTY ROOM - NIGHT 87

CLOSE ON ADDISON'S HANDS

She's put them through the holes and grabbed the syringe, not realizing that the holes were lined with razors. Much like a macabre version of one of those Mexican Finger Traps, she's got her arms in, but she can't get them out without slicing her wrists.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL-- *

--the box slowly filling with her blood. *

She screams.

BOOM!

The door flies open. Xavier stands there. Addison whips her head around, eyes frantic.

ADDISON *
Help me! *

Xavier simply crosses the room, lifts up her hair revealing a YELLOW 9 on her neck, then turns and marches back out.

ADDISON (CONT'D)
Wait! Wait!

BOOM! The door smashes shut.

CUT TO:

88 INT. WAKE UP ROOM - NIGHT 88

Addison's screams for help echo throughout the house.

Amanda glances out into the hallway. Sees Xavier coming. She grabs one of Jonas' legs and tries to pull him free in order to shut the steel door.

AMANDA
(to Daniel)
Help me!

Daniel grabs the other leg and tries not to gag as they struggle to move Jonas' body clear of the door.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Hurry!

CUT TO

000052

89 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR KITCHEN - NIGHT 89

Eric brings a final, devastating blow down onto Jigsaw.

His shirt is open and flecked with blood, his tie gone, his hair wild and his eyes wide.

Eric grabs Jigsaw's neck, lifting his bloody face up. He shoves the gun into Jigsaw's mouth. Cocks it. *

Jigsaw spits something through his teeth, muffled by the muzzle.

ERIC
What's that?

Jigsaw mumbles again.

Eric removes the gun, bending in close to Jigsaw.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I can't hear you.

Jigsaw takes a deep breath, as if these were his last words.

JIGSAW
Game over. *

ERIC *
What? *

JIGSAW *
Game over. *
(beat) *
I'll take you to the house. *

Eric reacts, the gun lowering. Almost surprised that it worked.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: 89

000052

ERIC
Now. Do it right now.

JIGSAW
I will only take you.

ERIC
OK, you and me. How do we get out of here?

Jigsaw glances over Eric's shoulder.

90 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT 90

Kerry is conversing with one of the members of the Tech Team when --

KA - CHOOONK!

000052

We hear the grinding of metal gears.

91 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR LOFT - NIGHT 91

The door to the monitor room BURSTS open and Kerry, Rigg and the others pile out.

RIGG
(into radio)
Secure the warehouse! No one leaves!

Jigsaw and Eric are GONE - in their place is an EMPTY ELEVATOR SHAFT.

Kerry runs to it, squinting down through the gate where she can see the roof of the elevator two floors below.

She strains to lift the gate - it doesn't give.

KERRY
God damn it!

000052

91 CONTINUED: 91

Rigg turns to his men, cocking his shotgun.

RIGG
Let's move, let's move! Downstairs now!

They hustle down the stairs, leaving Kerry in a state of panic and confusion.

92 EXT. JIGSAW'S LAIR STREET - NIGHT 92

A van ROARS out of the garage, fish-tailing out onto the street and accelerating off into the night.

Rigg and his men come out too late, whipping their heads around, looking for the two men.

But they are gone.

93 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT 93

A tech team member raises his head, startled by an electronic screech from his laptop.

He races to it - his face dropping when he sees what is on the screen.

TECHIE
We got a lock. *

He wheels on the door, SCREAMING OUT to Kerry.

TECHIE (CONT'D)
I got a signal! *

Kerry sprints into the room, peering over his shoulder.

KERRY
(reading from screen into radio)
Rigg! We got it! 237 North Hyde Crescent...

RIGG (V.O.)
237 North Hyde Crescent. Got it!

94 EXT. INSIDE MINI-VAN MOVING - NIGHT 94

Jigsaw lays back in his seat, his head lolling loosely on his neck like a rag doll. His eyes flutter and close.

Eric glances over, nudging him in the ribs with his gun.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: 94

ERIC
Wake up. *

Jigsaw opens his eyes, rolling his head over.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Where are we going? 000052 *

JIGSAW
Straight for two miles, then a right on Armstrong... * *

95 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT 95

Kerry bites her nails, pacing in front of the monitors.

On them, we see Daniel and Amanda slowly inching Jonas' body out of the door frame.

KERRY
Come on, come on.

We CLOSE IN on the monitor, MATCH CUTTING into --

INT. THE WAKE-UP ROOM - NIGHT 96

They move Jonas just enough to SLAM the door, just as Xavier appears.

XAVIER (O.S.)
Open up!

DANIEL
I can't hold it!

The door handle bucks up and down in Daniel's hands.

XAVIER (O.S.)
Where are you gonna go now?

His bloodcurdling cackle rings out.

Amanda digs deep, finding new strength. She races over to Jonas' corpse, placing a foot on his neck and WRENCHING the baseball bat out of his head in one jerk.

She races across the room, winds up, swings and SMASHES the bat into the wall next to the door

-- then wedges it under the door-handle as a last second door-stop.

BANG!

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: 96

Xavier's weight hits the door like a freight train - but the bat holds it in place.

Daniel backs away from the door as Xavier pounds on it like an angry bull.

They're safe...but for how long? 000052

97 EXT. INSIDE SWAT TRUCK MOVING - NIGHT 97

A SWAT team member illuminates a map with a pen-light between his teeth, tracing his finger along the spaghetti of streets.

SWAT MEMBER 3
Turn right on Alfred!

Rigg ARCS the steering wheel right. 000052

98 EXT. INSIDE MINI-VAN MOVING - NIGHT 98

Eric mops sweat from the back of his neck as streetlights race past the windows like fireflies.

ERIC
Where? Where do I go?

JIGSAW
...make a left at the next street. *

Eric accelerates, making a warp speed left.

99 INT. THE WAKE-UP ROOM - NIGHT 99

BANG! 000352

Xavier shoulders the door once more. The wooden bat creaks - it's gonna hold for much longer.

DANIEL
What do we do?

AMANDA
All we can do is try to take him.

DANIEL
(are you crazy?)
Right.

The bat begins to SPLIT as Xavier HAMMERS on the door. Daniel runs to the door and puts his weight against it in a futile attempt to hold back Xavier a moment longer.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: 99

000052

AMANDA
Shit! Shit!

She scans the room, searching for something...anything. And then she sees it--

--the pool of blood which has leaked from Gus' body has spread across the room, stopping at the ridges of something below the safe, forming a square of un-bloodied floor directly below it.

BANG!

The bat gives even further.

Amanda tries to move the safe, but it's not budging.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Help me move this thing!

Daniel pitches in - but it's proving next to impossible to move.

BANG!

Daniel takes a breath. It's do or die time.

He grits his teeth and with Amanda's help HEAVES the safe over onto its side with a THUD --

-- revealing a HIDDEN TRAP-DOOR.

Right below them.

Right in front of their eyes.

Amanda takes charge now, feeling along its edges and locating a tiny KEY HOLE.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Shit! It's locked.

BANG!

A couple more hits and the door is coming open. Is this the end? Not yet.

DANIEL
Wait...the key. The one we found with the tape recorder.

Their eyes fly between each other - who had it last?

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (2) 99

Then, in unison:

AMANDA/DANIEL

Jonas!

000052

Daniel scrambles over to his body - fishing through the pockets.

AMANDA

Hurry!

He finds it and TOSSES IT to Amanda. She catches it, riving the key-hole with it.

100 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT 100

Pitch black darkness is broken by the trap door GROANING open, throwing a shaft of light on a rusted ladder which descends into nothingness.

Amanda's head pokes through the hole as a foul gust of wind is released. Daniel pokes his head in, peering down into the murk. Right now it looks like a pretty good place to be.

DANIEL

Let's go!

They descend.

101 INT. THE WAKE-UP ROOM - NIGHT 101

BANG!

The bat SNAPS in two, the door EXPLODING inwards, Xavier falling onto the floor.

-- Daniel going last and SLAMMING the trap-door shut behind him as Xavier leaps at them.

The lid closes just in time...

~~..Yand Xavier SCREAMS in frustration.~~

Not lucky / yet's more like it / still.

CUT TO:

102 EXT. INSIDE MINI-VAN MOVING - NIGHT 102

Eric steers wildly, erratically.

ERIC

Where to now?

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: 102

JIGSAW
Up ahead.
(beat)
It's the last house on the left.

Eric tramps on the gas, pushing the mini-van past its limits.

He reaches the house and STOMPS on the brakes, sending the car into a neck-snapping STOP.

He takes out his cuffs, closing them around Jigsaw's wrist and chaining him to the steering wheel.

ERIC
If I don't come out of there with my son real soon...

JIGSAW
You're going to kill me. I believe you.

Eric leans in.

ERIC
Killing you would be merciful.

He exits the car, gun in hand.

JIGSAW
Wait.

Eric returns, frustrated.

Jigsaw holds up a key.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
You're going to need this, Eric.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT 103

Eric approaches the house.

It sits strangely at the end of a long industrial street. Unlit from within. Doesn't look like anyone is home.

He reaches the front door and stabs the lock with the key. Closes his eyes.

And turns it.

It opens.

000052

104 INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS BENEATH THE HOUSE - NIGHT 104

The sewers. The disease-ridden veins we bury beneath the pristine skin of the streets above.

They stretch out in front of Daniel and Amanda. Two exhausted, blood-soaked players in an involuntary game.

And it's not over yet.

Xavier's war-cry spirits through the tunnels towards them, prodding them back into action.

They run faster, Xavier gaining with every step.

The tunnel seems to go on forever - no turns left or right, just a one way ticket down the toilet.

Daniel whips a look back at Xavier as they wind with the tunnel. Daniel's gasping now. His youth may have prolonged the inevitable, but the gas is starting to consume him.

105 INT. ENTRY HALL - NIGHT 105 *

Eric edges inside, gun at the ready.

A nightmarish silence greets him...like a tomb.

The place is dark, abandoned. He takes cautious steps into the center of the room.

ERIC
Daniel?

A noxious odor hits him like a freight train. He recoils, turns and sees Laura's corpse. *

106 EXT. INSIDE SWAT TRUCK MOVING - NIGHT 106

The SWAT TRUCK screeches to a halt outside a house. *

It is <u>NOT THE HOUSE</u> we have just seen Eric enter. *

RIGG
Let's go!

The SWAT team spill out of the van, arming themselves. *

107 INT. ENTRY WAY HOUSE - NIGHT 107 *

BOOM!

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: 107

The door EXPLODES off it's hinges as the SWAT TEAM make use of a sledgehammer.

They pour through the entry way, Rigg in the lead. Their flashlights carve a path for them through the total darkness.

Rigg spots the stairwell ahead. Speaks into the radio on his shoulder.

RIGG
We're in.

108 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT 108

Kerry watches the monitors.

There is no one on them. She keys the walkie.

KERRY
Where are you, Sergeant? I can't see you.

109 INT. DOWNSTAIRS ENTRY WAY HOUSE - NIGHT 109

He points up the stairs.

RIGG
Up there.

They glide forward like silent ninjas.

110 INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS BENEATH THE HOUSE - NIGHT 110

Daniel slows down, gasping. Amanda supports him and drags him along.

AMANDA
Come on!

Daniel collapses against the slime soaked wall.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
God damn it, get on your feet!

She pulls Daniel up, yanking her along. He continues to cough.

XAVIER (O.S.)
I ain't finished with you two yet!

111 INT. STAIRWELL HOUSE - NIGHT 111

Rigg leads his men to the top of the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: 111

Their flashlight beams sweep the surrounding area like prison searchlights.

112 INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS BENEATH THE HOUSE - NIGHT 112

Daniel and Amanda run as hard as they can --

-- finally hitting a DEAD END.

Nowhere left to go. 000052

In front of them is a large, iron door.

Amanda grabs the handle on the sliding door and heaves it across. It groans loudly as it lumbers open, like a beast stirring in its sleep.

A PITCH BLACK void lies beyond the door, an unholy STENCH escaping from within it and hitting Amanda and Daniel like a freight train. They are literally blown backwards by it, their hands flying to their faces, covering their noses.

113 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 113

Daniel takes a very cautious step inside. The light from the sewers shows him a light switch next to the door on the inside wall.

He flicks it.

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! The fluorescent tubes on the ceiling explode to life one after the other.

They stop and stare at their surroundings - a large, industrial BATHROOM.

Its walls are caked in the filth of neglect - pipes strangling the ceiling like rusted vines, an area of dried blood crusted in the center of the white floor tiles, an empty, moldy bathtub...and a broken mirror too dirty to see into.

A very familiar 'shithole' indeed.

Daniel staggers inside...immediately seeing the source of the stench.

TWO BODIES.

One is bound by the ankle, locked into a chain which is clamped to a pipe running from the floor to the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: 113

The other lies beneath him - a man with a SHATTERED, bloody face, lying on his back. Both have been dead for some time...their skin putrefied, their bowels emptied.

Daniel reels back from the carnage, scanning the room around him. Lying in the corner opposite the corpses is a ROTTING FOOT. Looks like it was cut off with a hacksaw...

...maybe the rusted hacksaw that lies against the wall.

000052

Welcome to Hell.

Daniel COLLAPSES...the last drop of hope sucked out of him.

114 INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT 114

Eric stalks the corridors, whisking his gun from left to right in shaky movements.

He HEARS A SOUND, wheeling on it.

It is coming from the door to the wake-up room.

He moves towards it.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 115

Xavier's laughter invades the bathroom.

He steps inside, brandishing the butcher's knife.

Amanda and Daniel are huddled in the far corner, looking like two wounded birds. Amanda cradles Daniel in her lap, his face buried in her stomach.

She looks up at Xavier, teary.

AMANDA
He's gone.

XAVIER
It doesn't matter. All I need is the number on the back of his neck. And then yours.

AMANDA
You still don't know your own number. How are you going to get that if I don't tell you?

Xavier sways in the entry way. Bleeding, dying... he ponders this fact for a long beat and then --

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: 115

He raises the knife and begins CUTTING INTO THE FLESH AT THE BACK OF HIS NECK.

Amanda watches, horrified.

116 INT. WAKE-UP ROOM -- NIGHT 116

Eric walks along the perimeter of the wake-up room, covering his nose and mouth with his sleeve.

Gus' and Jonas' bodies lie across the floor - a lot more decomposed than they should be. The safe is open...with a used syringe lying discarded a few feet away. * *

Eric reaches the trap-door, peering down into it.

Another moan drifts up from within it.

000052

He lowers himself down through the hole.

117 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 117

Xavier HACKS at the skin behind his neck, yelling from the pain, finally cutting through and shaving off a large piece of his own flesh.

000052

Blood pours down his neck.

He holds the piece of his own flesh up to the light. It is a RED NUMBER 1.

He starts towards Amanda. Grabbing a handful of Amanda's hair, he raises the butcher's knife aloft

Daniel BOLTS UPRIGHT, swinging the rusty hacksaw blade and SLASHING Xavier's throat with it.

Xavier gags, staggering back stupidly and gripping his throat. Blood seeps from between his fingers.

He drops to his knees, sucking in one final breath...

...and dies.

000052

118 INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS BENEATH THE HOUSE -- NIGHT 118

Eric squints into the tunnels ahead, edging forward.

119 INT. CORRIDOR HOUSE - NIGHT 119

Rigg and his team make their way through what appears to be a very domesticated, very empty house.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: 119

And then --

000052

000052

000052

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: 123

She clicks her two-way on.

KERRY
Sergeant, I still don't see you. Repeat, I cannot see you!
(beat)
Rigg, are you there?

000052

124 INT. MONITOR ROOM HOUSE - NIGHT 124

Rigg leans forward - HITTING PAUSE on one of the VCR's --

125 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT 125

-- at which moment, one of the monitors Kerry and the Tech team are watching FREEZE-FRAMES. Video lines criss-cross the screen, like a video being put on pause.

Kerry's mouth drops open.

KERRY 000052
It's not live...

The TIMER sitting atop the monitors suddenly hits ZERO, emitting a LOW BUZZING SOUND. *

We WHIP around, flying out of the monitor room and following the buzzing sound into-- *

--the cluttered warehouse, where we SEARCH through the various items in the room, finally landing on-- *

--a large SAFE. Hidden amongst the boxes. It CLICKS OPEN. The buzzing comes to a sudden stop... *

000052

...and the door to the safe swings open. *

A weary figure is hunched inside, an oxygen mask strapped to his face, over a gag. His hands and feet are bound with wire. *

Kerry exits the monitor room, staring with horror as the figure flops forward, falling out of the safe. *

It is Daniel. Eric's son. *

Kerry's mind races as she THINKS BACK. *

JIGSAW (V.O.) *
The rules are simple. All you have to do is sit and talk to me. If you can do that for long enough, you will find your son...in a safe and secure state. *

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: 125

KERRY
Oh Jesus... 000052

She rushes over to Daniel, who sucks in a breath. She looks to the heavens, screaming with primal frustration.

KERRY (CONT'D)
ERIC!!!

126 INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS BENEATH THE HOUSE - NIGHT 126

Eric reaches the bathroom.

He covers his nose, gagging, and edges into it.

127 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 000052 127

Xavier's body is sprawled on the floor. A lake of congealed blood has formed around him. His body is blue; decayed. In a degenerated state.

HIS BODY HAS BEEN DEAD FOR DAYS.

There are two more bodies completely decomposing, one chained to a pipe, the other missing it's face.

ERIC 000052
DANIEL!!! DANIEL!!!

Eric whips around, scanning the rest of the bathroom.

And then, from the corner of his eye, he sees A FINGER, sticking out of the tub.

Tears and panic spread across Eric's face.

ERIC (CONT'D)
No...No...

127 CONTINUED: 127

A step closer to the tub. His heart racing...pounding inside of his chest. *

He leans over the edge of the tub...seeing a pale, frail figure splayed inside it-- *

--but it is not his son. *

It is Amanda. 000052 *

Eric furrows his brow in confusion. *

ERIC (CONT'D) *

You...? *

WHICH IS WHEN AMANDA BOLTS UPRIGHT OUT OF THE TUB, SCREAMING IN FURY, JAMMING A SYRINGE INTO ERIC'S LEG. *

Eric staggers backwards as Amanda grabs his gun. They struggle, Eric getting weaker...fading... *

...into BLACKNESS. *

128 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 000052 128

LATER

We hear the sound of someone waking up. We hear it only... because we cannot see it. All around us, the cloak of night has us in her embrace.

Then --

-- a lighter flicks on. 000052

It is a dazed Eric.

He scans around groggily, unsure of his surroundings.

His hand hits something and he looks down through blurred vision.

It is a TAPE RECORDER.

He picks it up, confused.

A label on it reads 'PLAY ME'.

Eric depresses the play button, filling his cell with TAPE HISS.

And then...a voice.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: 128

AMANDA'S VOICE.

000052

AMANDA (V.O.)
(from tape)
Hello Eric...you probably don't remember me, but you changed my life once. You sent me to prison. I was guilty of a lot of things...but not the drug charge you framed me for.
(beat)
(MORE)

000052

000052

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: 128

AMANDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The second time somebody changed my life, I was a victim.

FLASHCUT TO:

129 INT. JAW-TRAP ROOM - NIGHT 129

FLASHBACK

A RAPID MONTAGE of images FLASHES in front of us:

Amanda wearing her jaw-trap, struggling to escape 000052

Amanda being interviewed by police.

Amanda crying as she is interrogated.

FLASHCUT TO:

130 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 130

PRESENT

Eric listens with UTTER HORROR as Amanda's voice spits out from the micro-recorder.

AMANDA (V.O.)
(from tape)
My life was saved that day...I found myself a father. A leader. A teacher.

FLASHCUT TO:

131 INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT 131

FLASHBACK

Amanda slips her head inside a noose.

We PULL OUT to reveal JIGSAW - standing next to her.

He takes her hand.

JIGSAW
You must be prepared to die...to be reborn.

FLASHCUT TO:

132 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 132

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED: 132

PRESENT

Eric lowers the recorder, her words hitting him like very precise darts.

AMANDA (V.O.)
(from tape)
What is the cure for cancer, Eric? The cure for death itself?
(from tape)
The answer is immortality. By creating a legacy...by living a life worth remembering...you become immortal.

000052

Fear building up inside him, Eric tries to stand - finding he is chained to a pipe by his ankle.

Bound forever.

CUT TO:

133 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 133

FLASHBACK

Amanda and Daniel stand over Xavier's corpse.

AMANDA (V.O.)
(from tape)
It is I who will carry on John's work after he dies...and you are my first test subject.

} is this the best flashback

Amanda's shakes uncontrollably. The bloodied hacksaw clatters to the floor.

Daniel looks up at Amanda...pale, bleeding.

She looks back at him, a blank expression on her face.

Finally smiles.

CUT TO:

134 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 134

PRESENT

Eric stands up, unable to believe what he is hearing on the tape.

As his eyes come into focus, a figure stands silhouetted in the door frame. Small, feminine.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED: 134

AMANDA
Game over.

The figure SLAMS the large door closed, plunging the room into darkness.

Eric SCREAMS - a cry heard in the depths of Hell.

000052

A cry of a dying man.

A cry of the lost...

...and of the left-behind.

FADE TO.

135 EXT. INSIDE MINI-VAN - NIGHT 135

Jigsaw is sitting alone. He hears the distant echoes of Eric's screams. *

A thin smile stretches across his face.

He leans his head back, closes his eyes... *

...and exhales. *

FADE OUT.